
PARASITASTER,
OR
THE FAWNE,

AS
IT HATH BENE DIVERS
times presented at the blacke Fri-
ars, by the Children of the Queenes
Maiesties Reuels.

Written
BY JOHN MARSTON.



AT LONDON
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To my equall Reader.

Have euer more endeouored to know my selfe,
than to be knowne of others: and rather to be
unpartially beloued of all, than factiously to
bee admired of a few: yet so powerfully haue
I been enticed with the delights of Poetry, and
(I must ingeniously confesse) aboue better de-
sert so fortunate in these stage-pleasings, that (let my resolutions
be neuer so fixed to call mine eyes into my selfe,) I much feare that
most lamentable death of him,

Qui nimis notus omnibus,
Ignotus moritur sibi.

Seneca.

But since the ouer-vehement pursute of these delights hath bin
the sicknesse of my youth, and now is growne to be the vice of my
firmer age, since to satisfie others, I neglect my selfe, let it be the
curtesie of my peruser, rather to pitie my selfe-hindring labours,
than to malice me, and let him be pleased to be my reader, and not
my interpreter, since I would faine reserue that office in my owne
hands, it being my dayly prayer, Absit à iocorum nostrorum
simplicitate malignus interpres. Martial.

If any shall wondrer why I print a Comedie, whose life rests much
in the Actors voice. Let such know, that it cannot auoide publish-
ing: let it therefore stand with good excuse, that I haue been my
owne setter out.

If any desire to vnderstand the scope of my Comedie, know it
bath the same limits, which Iuuenal giues to his Satyres,

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli est.

Iuuenal.

As for the factious malice, and studied detractions of some
few that tread in the same path with me, let all know, I most easi-
ly neglect them, and (carelesly slumbring to their vitious ende-

To the Reader.

uours) smile hartily at their selfe-hurting basenesse. My bosome friend good Epictetus makes me easily to contemne all such mens malice: since other mens tongues are not within my teeth, why should I hope to gouerne them? For mine owne interest for once let this be printed, that of men of my owne addiction, I loue most, pitie some, hate none: For let mee truely say it, I once only loued my selfe, for louing them, and surely, I shall euer rest so constant to my first affection, that let their vngentle combinings, discurtious whisperings, neuer so treacherously labour to undermine my unfenced reputation, I shall (as long as I haue being) loue the least of their graces, and only pitie the greatest of their vices.

And now to kill Enuie, know you that affect to be the onely Minions of Phebus, I am not so blushlesly ambitious as to hope to gaine any the least supream eminencie amonge you, I affect not onely the Eugenum, & Bellè! tis not my fashion to thinke no writer vertuously confident, that is not swellingly impudent. Nor doe I labour to bee held the onely spirit, whose Poems may bee thought worthy to be kept in Cedar chests,

Perseus.

Heliconidasq; Pallidamq; Pyrenen
Illis relinquo quorum imagines lambunt
Hederæ sequaces.

He that pursues fame shall for mee without any riual have breath ynough, I esteeme felicitie to be a more solide contentment, onely let it be lawfull for me with unaffected modestie, and full thought to end boldly with that of Perseus.

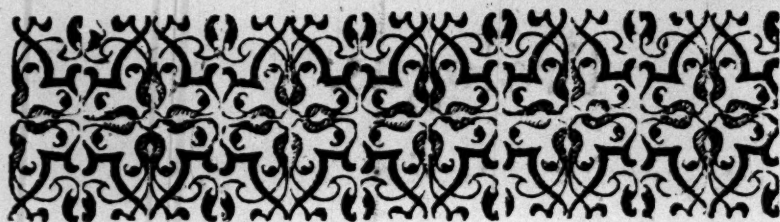
Perseus.

Ipsè semipaganus
Ad sacra vatùm carmen afferò nostrum.

Io: Marston.

Prologus.

L Et those once know that here with malice lurke,
Tis base too be to wise, in others worke.
The rest, sit thus saluted:
Spectators know, you may with freest faces
Behould this Sceane, for here no rude disgraces
Shall taint a publike, or a priuat name,
This pen at viler rate doth value fame,
Than at the price of others infamy,
To purchase it: Let others dare the rope,
Your modest pleasure is our authors scope.
The hurdle and the racke to them he leaues,
That haue naught left to be accompted any,
But by not being: Nor doth he hope to win
Your Laud or hand, with that most common sinne
Of vulgar pennes, ranke baudrie, that smells
Euen thorow your masks, Vsque ad nauseam:
The venus of this sceane doth bloath to weare
So vile, so common, so immodest clothings,
But if the nimble forme of commodie,
Meere spectacle of life, and publique manners
May, gracefully arrine to your pleased eares,
We boldly dare the vtmost death of feares
For we doe know that this most faire fil'd roome
Is Loaden with most Atick iudgements, ablest spirits,
Then whome, there are none more exact, full, strong,
Yet none more soft, benigne in sensuring,
I know ther's not one Asse in all this presence,
Not one Callumnious rascall, or base villaine
Of emptiest merit, that would taxe and slaunder
If Innocencie her selfe should write, not one we know't.
O you are all the very breath of Phebus
In your pleas'd gracings all the true life blond
Of our poore author lines, you are his very grace,
Now if any wonder why he's drawn
To such base soothings, know his play's the Fawne.



Interlocutores.

Hercules }
disguised } *Duke of Ferrara.*
Faunus, }

Gonzago *Duke of urbin.*

Tiberio, *sonne to Hercules.*

Dulcimet, *daughter to Gonzago.*

Philocalia, } *An honorable learned ladie com-*
 } *panion to the princeesse Dulcimet.*

Granuffo, *A silent Lord.*

Don Zuccone, *A causlesly iealous Lord.*

Donna Zoya, } *A vertuous, faire wittie Lady,*
 } *his wife.*

S. Amorofo debile-dosso, *A sickly knight.*

Donna Garbetza, *his Lady.*

Herod Frappatore, } *brother to Sir Amorofo and*
 } *a vitious bragart.*

Nymphadoro, *A yong courtier, & a cōmon loue.*

Dondolo, *A bald foole.*

Renaldo, *brother to Hercules.*

Poneia }
Donetta, } *Two ladies attendants on Dulcimet.*

Pattotta, } *A poore laūdress of the court that*
 } *was heth and diets footemen.*

Pages,



The Faune.

ACTVS PRIMI SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Hercules and Renaldo.

Hercules.



Ee yonder's *Urbini* those farre appearing Spyres, rise from the Cittie, you shall conduct mee no further, retorne to *Ferrara* my Dukedome, by your care in my absence shall rest constantly vnited, and most religiously

Loyall.

Re: My Prince and brother, let my bloud and loue challenge the freedome of one question,

Her: You hau't.

Re: Why? in your stedier age in strength of life, And firmeſt wit of time, will you breake forth Those stricter Limits of regardfull state

(Which with ſeuere diſtinction you ſtill kept)

And now to vnknowne daungers youle giue vp

Your ſelfe *Ferraras* Duke, and in your ſelfe

The ſtate; and vs. O my lou'd brother

Honour auoydes not only iuſt defame,

But flies all meanes that may ill voice his name.

Her: Buſie your ſelfe with no feares, for I ſhall reſt moſt wary of our ſafetie, onely ſome glymfes I will giue you for your ſatiſſaction why I leaue *Ferrara*, I haue vowd to viſit the Court of *Urbini* ſome diſguiſe as thus: my ſonne as you can well witneſſe with mee, could I neuer perſwade to marriage, although my ſelfe was then, an euer reſolued widdower; and tho I propoſed to him this very Ladie to whome he is gone in my right to negotiat: now how his cooler bloud wil behaue it ſelfe in this buſines, would I haue an on-a teſtimony, other contents ſhall I giue my ſelfe, as not to take loue by attorney, or make my election out of tongues, other ſuffſings there are, which my regard would faine make ſound to me: ſomething of much you know, that and what els you muſt not knowe, bids you excuſe this kind of my departure.

A 4

Re:

*Dat veniam
Cornis vex
at censura
columbas.*

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THE FAWNE.

Re: I commend all to your wisdom, and yours to the wisest.

Her: Thinke not but I shall approue that more then folly which euen now appeares in a most ridiculous expectation: bee in this assured. The bottome of grauitie is nothing like the toppe, once more fare you well.

Exit Ren:

And now thou Ceremonious souerainty
Ye proud seuerer statefull Complements
The secret artes of *Rule*, I put you off;
Nor euer shall those manacles of forme
Once more lock vp the appetite of bloud.
Tis now an age of man, whilst we all strickt
Haue liu'd in awe of cariage regular
Apted vnto my place, nor hath my life
Once tasted of exorbitant affects.
Wilde *Longings*, or the Least of *disfrant* shapes
But we must once be wild, tis auncient truth
O *fortunate*, whos madnes falles in youth!
Well, this is text, who euer keeps his place
In seruile station, is all low and base.
Shall I because some fewe may crie, Light, vaine,
Beat downe affection from desired rule
He that doth striue to please the world's a foole
To haue that fellowe crie. O marke him, graue,
See how austerely he doth giue example,
Of repressed heate and steddie life
Whilst my forced life against the streame of bloud
Is lugg'd along, and all to keepe the God
Of fooles and women: *Nice opinion:*
Whose strict preserving makes oft great men fooles
And fooles of great men: no thou world know thus
Ther's nothing free but it is generous.

Exit.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter Nimphadoro and Herod.

Her: How now my little more then nothing, what newes is stirring.

Pag: All the Citti's afire.

Pag:

THE FAWNE.

Nimp: On fire?

Page: With ioy of the Prince *Dulcimels* birth day, there's show
vpon showe, sport vpon sport.

Hero: What sport, what sport?

Page: Marry fir to solemnize the Princes birth-day, there's
first Crackers which runne into the ayre, and when they are at the
toppe, like some ambitious strange hereticke, keepe a cracking, and
a cracking, and then breake, and downe they come.

Hero: A pretty crabbe, he would yeeld tart iuyce and be were
squeez'd.

Nym: What sport else?

Page: Other fire-workes.

Hero: Spirit of wine, I cannot tell how these fire-workes should
be good at the solemnizing the birth of men or women, I am sure
they are dangerous at their begetting, what more fire-workes fir?

Page: There be squibs fir, which squibs running vpon lines like
some of our gawdie Gallants fir, keepe a smother fir, with flishing
and flashing, and in the end fir, they doe fir

Nym: What fir?

Page: Stink fir.

Hero: For heauen, a most sweet youth.

Enter Dondolo.

Don: Newes, newes, newes, newes.

Hero: What, in the name of prophesie?

Nym: Art thou growne wise?

Hero: Doth the Duke want no money?

Nym: Is there a mayd found at 24?

Hero: Speake, thou three legd *Tripes*, is thy shippe of Fooles a
store yet?

Don: I ha many things in my head to tell you.

Her: I, thy head is alwaies working, it roles, and it roles *Don-*
dolo, but it gathers no mosse *Dondolo*.

Don: *Tiberio* the Duke of *Ferraraes* sonne excellently horsed,
all vpon *Flaunders* Mares, is arriued at the Court this verie day,
somewhat late in the night time.

Hero: An excellent nuntius.

Don: Why my Gallants, I haue had a good wit.

Hero: Yes troth, but now tis growne like an Almanacke for the
last yere, past date, the mark's out of thy mouth *Dondolo*.

THE FAWNE.

Nym: And whats the Princes Ambassage, thou art priuate with the Duke, thou belongest to his close stoole.

Don: Why? euerie foole knowes that, I know it my selfe man as well as the best man, he is come to sollicite a marriage betwixt his Father the Duke of *Ferraraes*, and our Duke of *Urbins* daughter *Dulcimell*.

Nympha: Pitie of my passions, *Nymphadora* shall loose one of his Mistresses.

Her: Nay, if thou hast more than one, the losse can nere bee greuous since tis certaine he that loues many formally, neuer loues any violently.

Nym: Most trusted *Frappatore*, is my hand, the weaker because it is diuided into many fingers? no, tis the more strongly nimble. I doe now loue threescore and nine Ladies all of them most extremely well, but I doe loue the Princes most extremely best: but in verie sighing sadnesse, I ha lost all hope, and with that hope a Ladie, that is most rare, most faire, most wise, most sweet, most

Her: Any thing true but remember still this faire, this wise, this sweete, this all of excellencie has in the tayle of all, a Woman.

Nym: Peace, the presence fils against the Prince approacheth: Marke who enters.

Her: My Brother, sir *Amoroso-debilidosso*.

Nym: Not he.

Her: No, not he?

Nym: How is he chang'd?

Her: Why, growne the verie dregs of the drabs cup.

Nym: O *Babylon* thy walles are fallen: Is he married?

Her: Yes, yet still the Ladies common, or the common Ladies seruant.

Nym: How do's his owne Ladie beare with him?

Her: Faith like the Romaine *Milo*, bore with him when hee was a Calfe, and now carries him when he's growne an Oxe.

Nym: Peace the Duke's at hand.

Cornets. Enter *Granuffo*, *Gonzago*, *Dulcimell*, *Philocalia*, *Loiz*.

Gow: Daughter, for that our last speech leaues the firmest print be thus aduif'd, when young *Tiberio* negotiates his fathers loue, hold heedie guard ouer thy passions & still keepe this full thought firme in thy reason, tis his old Fathers loue the yong man mooues,
(is't

THE PAWNE.

(is't not well thought my Lord, we must beare braine,) and when thou shalt behold, *Tiberios* life-full eyes and well fild vaines, complexion firme, and haire that curls with strength of lustie moy-
sture, (I thinke wee yet can speake, wee ha been eloquent) thou must shape thy thoughts to apprehend his father well in yeeres.

A graue wise Prince, whose beautie is his honour,
And well past life, and doe not giue thy thoughts
Least libertie to shape a diuers scope,
(My Lord *Granuffo*: pray ye note my phrased,
So shalt thou not abuse thy younger hope.
Nor afflict vs, who onely ioy in life,
To see thee his.

Dul. Gracious my father feare not, I rest most dutious to your dispose.

Consort of Musique.

Gon. Set on then, for the Musicke giues vs notice the Prince is hard at hand.

Tiberio with his traine with Hercules disguised.

Dul. You are most welcome to our long desiring Father, to vs you are come.

Tib. From our long desiring Father.

Dul. Is this your Fathers true proportion? *Shewes a picture.*

Tib. No Ladie, but the perfect counterfeit.

Dul. And the best grac't.

Tib. The Painters Art could yeeld.

Dul. I wonder he would send a counterfeit to moue our loue;
Gonz. Heare, thats my wit, when I was eighteen old such a pretty toying wit had I, but age hath made vs wise (hast not my Lord?)

Tib. Why fairest Princes if your eye dislike that deader peece, behold me his true forme and liuelier image, such my Father hath beene.

Dul. My Lord, please you to scent this flower.

Tib. Tis withered Ladie, the flowers scent is gone.

Dul. This hath been such as you are, hath been sir they say in England, that a farre found Frier had guirt the Island round with a brasse wall, if that they could haue catched, Time is, but Time is past, lest it still clipt with aged *Neptunes* arme.

Tib. *Aurora* yet keepes chaste old *Tithons* bed,

THE FAWNE.

Dul: Yet blushes at it when she rises.

Gon: Pretty, pretty, iust like my younger wit: you know it my Lord.

Dul: But is your Fathers age thus fresh, hath yet his head so many haire?

Tib: More, more, by many a one.

Dul: More say you?

Tib: More.

Dul: Right sir, for this hath none, is his eye so quicke as this same peece makes him shew?

Tib: The curtesie of Art hath giuen more life to that part, than the sad cares of state would graunt my father.

Dul: This modell speakes about fortie.

Tib: Then doth it somewhat flatter for our father hath scene more yeeres, and is a little shrunke from the full strength of time.

Gon: Somewhat coldly prais'd.

Dul. Your father hath a faire Solicitor,
And be it spoke with virgine modestie,
I would he were no elder, not that I doe flye
His side for yeeres, or other hopes of youth,
But in regard the malice of lewd tongues
Quicke to depraue on possibilities,
(Almost impossibilities) will spread
Rumors, to honour dangerous.

Gon: What? whisper? I, my Lord *Granuffo* were fit
To part their lips: men of discerning wit
That haue read *Plinie* can discourse, or so,
But giue me practise: well experienc't age
Is the true *Delphos*. I am no *Oracle*
But yet Ile prophesie: well thy Lord *Granuffo*,
Tis fit to interrupt their priuacie,
Is't not my Lord, now sure thou art a man
Of a most learned scilence, and one whose words
Haue bene most pretious to me, right, I know thy heart,
Tis true, thy legges discourse with right and grace,
And thy tongue is constant. Faire my Lord,
For beare all priuate closer conference,
What from your father comes, comes openly,

And

THE FAWN.

And so must speake: for you must know my age
 Hath scene the beings, and the quide of things,
 I know *Dimensions* and the *termini*
 Of all *existens*: Sir I know what shapes
 Appetite formes; but pollicie and states
 Haue more elected ends: your fathers suto
 Is with all publique grace receiued, and priuat loue
 Imbraced, as for our daughters bent of mind
 She must seeme somewhat nice, tis virgins kind
 To hold long Out, if yet she chance denie,
 Ascribe it to her decent modestie:
 Wee haue beene a philosopher and spoke,
 With much applaue; but now age makes vs wise,
 And drawes our eyes to search the hart of things,
 And leaue vain seemings, therefore you must know,
 I would be loath the gaudy shape of youth
 Should one prouoke, and not allowd of heate
 Or hinder, or, for sir I knowe and so,
 Therefore before vs time and place affords
 Free speech, else not: wise heads vse but few words
 In short breath, know the Court of *Vrbis* holds
 Your presence and your embassage so deere,
 That wee want meanes once to expresse our heart
 But with our heart: plaine meaning shunneth art,
 You are most welcome (Lord *Granuff* a tricke,
 A figure, note) we vse no *Rhetorick*. *Exit Gon:*

Remanent Hercules, Nymphad, & Herod.

Hero: Did not *Tiberio* call his father foole?

Nym: No, he said yeares had weakned his youthfull quicknes.

Hero: He swore he was bald.

Nym: No; but not thicke hayr'd.

Hero: By this light, Ile sweare he said his father had the hip-
 gout, the strangury, the fistula in *ano*, and a most vnabydable breath,
 no teeth, lesse eyes, great fingers, little legges, an eternall fluxe, and
 an euerlasting cough of the longues.

Nim: Fie, fie, by this light he did not.

Hero: By this light he should ha done then: home on him, three-
 score and fise, to haue and to hold, a Lady of fiftene. O *Misenzia*—
 a tyranny equall if not aboue thy torturing; thou didst bind the
 living

THE FAWNE.

liuing and the dead bodjes togeather, and forced them so to pine and rott, but this crueltie, binds brest to brest, not onely different bodjes, but if it were possible most vnequall minds, togeather with an inforcemēt euen scandalous to *Nature*. Now the Iayle deliuer me, an intelligencer, be good to mee ye Cloysters of bondage, of whence art thou?

Her: Of Ferrara.

Hero: A *Feracees* what to mee, camest thou in with the Prince *Tiberio*?

Her: With the Prince *Tiberio*, what a that, you will not rayle at me, will you?

Hero: Who I? I rayle at one of *Ferrara*, a *Ferazees*, noe? didst thou ride?

Her: No.

Hero: Hast thou worne socks?

Her: No.

Hero: Then blessed be the most happy grauel betwixt thy toes I doe prophesie thy tirannising ytch shalbe honourable, and thy right worshipfull soule shall appeare in full presence; art thou an officer to the Princes.

Her: I am, what a that?

Hero: My cap, what officer?

Her: Yeoman of his bottels, what to that?

Hero: My lippe, thy name good yeoman of the bottles?

Her: *Faunus*.

Nym: *Faunus* an old Courtier, I wonder thou art in no better clothes and place *Faunus*?

Her: I may be in better place sir, and with them of more regard if this match of our Dukes intermarriage with the heire of *Urbini* proceed, the Duke of *Urbini* dying, and our Lorde comming in his Ladies right title to your dukedome.

Hero: Why then shalt thou oh yeoman of the bottles become a maker of *Magnificoes*, thou shalt begge some od suit, and change thy old sute, pare thy beard, clense thy teeth, and eat Apricocks, marrie a rich widdowe, or a crackt Ladio, whose case thou shalt make good. Then my *Pythagorons* shall thou and I make a transmigration of soules, thou shalt marrie my daughter, or my wife shall be thy gracious mistres. Seuentene puncks shall be thy proporcion, Thou shalt begge to thy comfort of cleane linnen, eat no more fresh beefe at supper, or haue thy broth for next daies porredge, but the flesh potts of *Egypt* shall fatten thee, and the

Grashopper

THE FAWNE.

Graschopper shall flourish in thy summer.

Nym: And what dost thou thinke of the Dukes ouerture of marriage?

Hero: What doe you thinke?

Her: May I speake boldly as at *Alleppo*?

Nim: Speake till thy lungs ake, talke out thy teeth, here are none of those cankers, these mischiefes of societie, intelligencers, or informers, that will cast rumor into the teeth of some *Lalius Baldus*, a man cruelly eloquent and bluddily learned, no, what sayest thou *Fannus*?

Her: With an vndoubted breast thus I may speake boldly,

Hero: By this night ile speake broadly first and thou wilt man, our Duke of *Urbino* is a man very happily madd, for he thinks him selfe right perfectly wise, and most demonstratiuely learned; nay more.

Her: No more, Ile on, me thinkes the younge Lord our Prince of *Ferrara* so bounteously adorned with all, of grace, feature and best shaped proportion, faire vse of speech, full opportunitie, & that which makes the sympathy of all equalitie, of heate, of yeares, of bloud, mee thinkes these Loadstones should attract the mettall of the young Princes rather to the sonne than to the noysome, cold, and most weake side of his halfe rotten father.

Her: Tha'rt ours, tha'rt ours, now dare we speake as boldly as if *Adam* had not fallen, and made vs all slaues, harke ye, the Duke is an arrant doting Asse, an Asse, and in the knowledge of my verie sence, will turne a foolish animall, for his sonne will proue like one of *Balles* priests, haue all the flesh presented to the Idoll his father, but hee in the night will see de ont, will deuoure it, he will yeoman of the bottells, he will.

Her: Now gentlemen, I am sure the lust of speech hath equally drenched vs all, know I am no seruant to this Prince *Tiberio*.

Hero: Not?

Her: Not, but one to him out of some priuate vrging most vow-ed, one that pursues him but for opportunitie of false satisfaction, now if ye can prefeere my seruise to him, I shall rest yours wholly.

Hero: Lust in the diuels mouth, thou shalt haue place, *Faune* thou shalt, behold this generous *Nymphadoro* a gallant of a cleane boote, straight back, and head of a most hopesfull expectation, hee is a seruant of faire *Dulcimels* her very creature borne to the Princes sole adoration,

THE FAWNE.

adoration, a man so spent in time to her, that pittie (if no more of grace) must follow him second, when wee haue gayned the roome, seru'd his suite *Hercules*. Ile be your intelligencer.

Her: Our very hart, and if need bee woules to most desperate ends.

Hero: Well vrged.

Her: Wordes fitt acquaintance, but full actions friends.

Nym: Thou shalt not want *Faunus*.

Her: You promise well.

Hero: Be thou but firme, that old doting iniquitie of age, that on lyeyed lecherous Duke thy Lord shalbe baffuld to extreamest derision, his sonne proue his foole fathers owne issue.

Nym: And we, and thou with vs blessed and inriched past that miserie of possible contempt, and aboue the hopes of greatest coniectures.

Her: Nay as for wealth *vilia miretur vulgus*. I knowe by his physiognomy, for wealth he is of my addiction, and bids a *sic* for't.

Nym: Why thou art but a yonger brother, but poore *Baldaxoxo*.

Hero: Faith to speake truth, my means are written in the booke of fate, as yet vnknowne, and yet I am at my foole, and my hunting gelding, come, *Viah*, to this feastful entertainment.

Exeunt. rema. Hercules

Her: I neuer knew till now, how old I was,
By him by whome we are, I thinke a Prince
Whose tender sufferance neuer felt a gust
Of boulder breathings, but stil liu'd gently fann'd
With the soft gales of his owne flatterers lippes
Shal neuer know his owne complexion.
Deere sleepe and lust I thanke you, but for you,
Mortall till now, I scarce had knowne my selfe
Thou gratefull poyson, sleeke mischiefe *Flattery*
Thou dreamefull slumber (that doth fall on kings
As soft and soone as their first holy oyle,)
Be thou for euer dam'd I now repent
Seuere indictions to some sharpe stiles,
Freenes, so't grow not to licentiousnesse
Is gratfull to iust states. Most spotlesse kingdoms,
And men o happie borne vnder good starrs,
Where what is honest, you may freely thinke,

Speake

THE FAWNE.

Speake what you thinke, and write what you doe speake,
 Not bound to seruile soothings. But since our rancke
 Hath euer been afflicted with these flies
 (That blow corruption on the sweetest vertues)
 I will reuenge vs all vpon you all
 With the same stratagem, we still are caught,
 Flatterie it selfe, and sure all knowes the sharpenesse
 Of reprehensue language is euen blunted
 To full contempt, since vice is now term'd fashion
 And most are growne to ill euen with defence,
 I vow to wast this most prodigious heat
 That fals into my age, like scorching flames
 In depth of numb'd December, in flattering all
 In all of their extreamest vitiousnesse,
 Till in their owne lou'd race they fall most lame,
 And meet full butte, the close of Vices shame.

Exit.

ACTVS SECVNDVS SCENA PRIMA.

*Herod and Nymphodoro with napkins in their hands, followed by
 Pages with stooles and meat.*

Her: Come Sir, a stoole boy, these Court Feasts are to vs Serui-
 tors Court Fasts, such scrambling, such shift for to eate, and where
 to eate, here a Squire of lowe degree hath got the carkasse of a
 Plover, there Pages of the Chamber diuide the spoyles of a tattered
 Pheasant, here the Sewer has friended a Countrey Gentleman with
 a sweet green goose, and there a yong fellow that late has bought
 his office, has caught a Woodcocke by the nose, *with cups full e-
 uer flowing.*

Nym. But is not *Faunus* prefer'd with a right hand?

Her: Did you euer see a fellow so spurted vp in a moment, he has
 got the right care of the Duke, the Prince, Princeesse, most of the
 Lords, but all the Ladies, why hee is become their onely Minion,
 Vsher, and Supporter.

Nym. He hath gotten more lou'd reputation of vertue, of lear-
 ning, of all graces, in one houre, than all your snarling reformers
 haue in — — —

Her: Nay, thats vnquestionable, and indeed what a fruitles la-
 bor, what a filling of *Dannes* tubbe, is it become to inueigh a-
 gainst follic, communitie takes away the sence, and example the
 shame:

THE FAWNE.

Shame : no, praise me these fellowes, hang on their chariot wheels and mount with them whome fortune heaues, nay driues : A stoy-call sower vertue seldome thrives. Oppose such fortune, and then bursts with those are pitied.

Enter Hercules freshly sated.

Nym : Behold that thing of most fortunate, most prosperous, *Don Fannus* himselfe.

Herc : Blessed and longlasting bee thy carnation ribban ; O man of more than wit, much more than vertue, of fortune, wil't cate any of a young spring sallet ?

Herc : where did the hearbs grow my gallant, where did they grow ?

Herc : Hard by in the Citie here.

Herc : No, Ile none, Ile eat no Citie hearbs, no Citie roots, for here in the Citie a man shall haue his excrements in his teeth againe within foure and twentie houres, I loue no Citie sallets : has't any Canarie ?

Nym : How the poore snayle wriggles with this suddaine warmth.

Hercod drinks.

Herc : Here *Fannus* a health as deepe as a female.

Herc : Fore *Ioue*, we must be more indeerd.

Nym : How doo'st thou feele thy selfe now *Fawne*.

Herc : Verie womanly with my fingers, I protest I thinke I shall loue you, are you married ? I am truely taken with your vertues, are you married ?

Herc : Yes.

Herc : Why I like you well for it.

Herc : No troth *Fawne*, I am not married.

Herc : Why I like you better for it; fore heauen I must loue you;

Herc : Why *Fawne*, why ?

Herc : Fore-heauen you are blest with three rare graces, fine linnen, cleane linings, a sanguine complexion, and I am sure, an excellent wit, for you are a Gentleman borne.

Herc : Thank thee sweet *Fawne*, but why is cleane linnen such a grace, I prethee.

Herc : Oh my excellent, and inward deerely approoued friend, What's your name sir ? cleane linnen is the first our life craues, and the last our death enioyes.

Herc : But what hope rests for *Nymphodoro*, thou art now within the buttons of the Prince : shall the Duke his Father marry the Ladie ?

Herc : Tis to be hoped, not.

Nym

THE FAWNE.

Nym: Thats some releefe as long as there's hope.

Herc: But sure fir tis almost vndoubted the Lady will carie him.

Nym: O pestilent ayre, is there no plot so cunning, no surmise so false, no way of auoidance?

Herc: Hast thou any pitie, either of his passion, or the Ladies yeeres, a Gentleman in the summer and hunting season of his youth, the Ladie met in the same warmeth, wer't not to bee wept that such a saplesse chafing-dish vsing old dotard as the Duke of Ferrara with his withered hand, should plucke such a bud, such a: Oh the life of sence!

Nym: Thou art now a perfect Courtier of iust fashion, good grace, canst not relecue vs?

Herc: Ha ye any money?

Nym: Pish *Fawne*, we are young Gallants.

Herc: The liker to haue no money. But my young Gallants to speake like my selfe, I must hugge your humor. Why looke you there is fate, destinie, constellations, and Planets, (which though they are vnder nature, yet they are aboue women,) who hath read the Booke of chaunce? no, cherish your hope, sweeten your imaginations, with thoughts of, ah why women are the most giddie, vncertaine motions vnder heauen, tis neither proportion of body, vertue of minde, amplitude of fortune, greatnesse of blood, but onely meere chancefull appetite swayes them: which makes some one like a man, be it but for the paring of his nayles, viah, as for inequalitye, art not a Gentleman?

Nym: That I am, and my benificence shall shew it.

Herc: I know you are, by that onely word benificence, which onely speakes of the future tence (shall know it,) but may I breath in your bosomes; I onely feare *Tiberio* will abuse his fathers trust, and so make your hopes desperate.

Nym: How? the Prince? would hee onely stood crosse to my wishes, he should finde me an Italian.

Herc: How, an Italian:

Herc: By thy ayd an Italian, deere *Faunus*, thou art now wrigled into the Princes bosome, and thy sweet hand should Minister that *Nectar* to him, should make him immortall; *Nymphadore* in direct phrase, thou should'st murther the Prince, so reuenge thine owne wrongs, and bee rewarded for that reuenge.

Herc: Afore the light of my eyes, I thinke I shall admire, wonder

THE FAWNE.

der at you. What? ha ye plots, proiects, correspondences, and stratagems: why are not you in better place?

Enter sir Amoroso.

Who's this? Herod my eldest Brother sir *Amoroso Debilidoso*?

Herc. Oh *I* know him, God blesse thine eyes sweet sir *Amoroso*, a rous, a vin de monte, to health of thy chin, my deere sweet Signiour.

Sir Amor. Pardon me sir, *I* drinke no wine this spring.

Herc. O no sir, hee takes the diet this spring alwaies, boy my brothers bottell.

Sir Amor. Faith *Fawne*, an odde vnwholsome cold, makes me still hoarse and rhumetique.

Herc. Yes in troth a paltrie murre, last morning hee blew nine bones out of his nose with an odde vnwholesome murre: how do's my Sister your Ladie, what do's she breed?

Herc. *I* perceiue Knight you haue children, oh tis a blessed assurance of heauens fauour, and long lasting name to haue many children.

Sir Amor. But *I* ha none, *Fawne*, now;

Herc. O thats most excellent, a right speciall happinesse, hee shall not bee a Drudge to his cradle, a slaue to his childe, hee shall bee sure not to cherish anothers blood, nor toyle to aduance peraduenture some Rascals lust, without children a man is vn-clog'd, his wife almost a Maide: *Messalina*, thou cryedst out, O blessed barrennesse, why once with childe the verie *Venus* of a Ladies entertainment hath lost all pleasure.

Sir Amor. By this King *Fawnus* *I* doe hugge thee with most passionate affection, and shall make my wife thanke thee.

Her. Nay my Brother grudgeth not at my probable inheritance, hee meanes once to giue a younger brother hope to see fortune.

Nym. And yet *I* heare sir *Amorous*, you cherish your loynes with high art, the onely ingrosser of *Ersingoes*, prepar'd *Cantharides*, *Culleesses* made of dissolued *Pearle*, and bruis'd *Amber*, the pith of *Parkets*, and candied *Lamb. Tones* are his perpetuall meats, Beds made of the downe vnder pigeons wings and Goose-necks, fomentations, bathes, elecuaries, frictions, and all the nurfes of most forcible excited concupiscence he yseth with most nice and tender industrie.

Herc.

THE FAWNE.

Her: Pish *Zoccoli*, no *Nymphadono*, if fir *Amorons* would ha children, let him lie on a mattres, plow or threshe, eate onyons, garlick, and leeke porridge, *Pharoah* and his counsell were mistaken, and their deuise to hinder the encrease of procreation in the *Israclites*, with inforcing them to much labour of bodie, and to feed hard, with beetes, garlike, and onions (meats that make the orriginall of man most sharpe, and taking) was absurd. No hee should haue giuen barlie bread, lettice, mellones, cucumers, huge store of veale, and fresh beefe, blown vp their fleshe, held them from excercise, rould them in feathers, & most seuerely scene them drunke once a day, then would they at their best haue begotten but wenches, and in short time their generation infeeble to nothing.

Sir Am: Oh deuine *Fawnus*, where might a man take vp fortie pound in a commoditie of garlike, and onyons? *Nymphadono* thine care.

Her: Come what are you fleering at? ther's some weakenes in your brother you wrinkle at: thus, come prethee imparte, what we are mutually incorporated, turnd one into another, brued together, come I belecue you are familiar with your sister, and it were knowne.

Hero: Witch, *Fawnus* witch, why how dost dreame I liue? ist fower scoure a yeare thinkst thou maintaines my geldings, my pages, foote-clothes, my best feeding, high play, and excellent company? no tis from hence, from hence, I mynt some foure hundred pound a yeere.

Her: Dost thou liue like a porter by thy backe boy?

Hero: As for my weake rained brother hang him, hee has fore shinnes, dam him *hetoroclite*, his braine's perished, his youth spent his fodder so fast on others Cattle, that he now wants for his own in winter, I am faine to supplie *Faune*, for which I am supplied.

Her: Dost thou braunch him boy?

Hero: What else *Faune*.

Her: What else? nay tis enough, why many men corrupt other mens wiues, some their maides, others their neighbours daughters, but to lie with ones brothers wedlocke, O my deare *Herad* tis vile and vncommon lust.

Hero: Fore heauen I loue thee to the hearte, well I may praye God for my brothers weakenes, for I assure thee, the land shall descend to me my little *Faune*.

THE FAWNE.

Her: To thee my little *Herod*? oh my rare Rascall, I doe finde more and more in thee to wonder at, for thou art in deed; if I prosper thou shalt know what.

Enter Don Zuccone.

Hero: What? know you not *Don Zuccone* the onely desparatly rayling at's Ladie that euer was confidently melācholy, that egregious ideot, thathusband of the most wittie, sayre (and be it spoken with many mens true greefe) most chaste Ladie *Zoya*, but wee haue entered into a confederacie of afflicting him.

Her: Plots ha you laid? inductions, daungerous.

Nym: A quiet bosome to my sweet *Don*, are you going to visit your Ladie.

Zucc: What a clock ist, is it past three?

Hero: Past foure I assure you sweet *Don*.

Zucc: Oh then I may be admitted, her afternoons priuat nap is taken, I shall take her naping. I heare ther's one iealous that I lie with my owne wife, and begins to withdraw his hand: I protest I vowe, and you will, on my knees, Ile take my sacrament on it, I lay not with her this long yeare, this foure yeare; let her not bee turn'd vpon me I beseech you.

Her: My deere *Don*?

Zucc: Oh *Faunus* dost know our Ladie?

Her: Your Ladie?

Zucc: No our Ladie, for the loue of charitie incorporate with her, I would haue all nations and degrees, all ages know our Ladie, for I couet only to be vndoubtedly notorious.

Her: For in deede sir, a repressed fame mountes like Camomyll, the more trod down, the more it growes, things knowne common and vndoubted, lose rumour.

Nym: Sir I hope yet your coniectures may erre; your Lady keeps full-face, vnbated roundnes, cherefull aspect, were she so infamously prostitute, her cheeke would fall, her colour fade, the spirite of her eye would die.

Zucc: Oh young man, such women are like *Danaus* tubbe, and in deede all women are like *Achillens*, with whom *Hercules* wraftling, he was no sooner hurl'd to the earth, but hee rose vppe with double vigor, their fall strengtheneth them.

Enter Dondolo.

Don: Newes, newes, newes, newes, oh my deare *Don* be rayf'd, be iouiald, be triumphant, ah my deere *Don*.

Nym: To me first in priuate, thy newes I preethee.

Don:

THE FAWNE.

Don: Will you be secret?

Nym: A my life :

Don: As you are generous?

Nym: As I am generous :

Don: *Don Zuccones* Ladie's with child.

Her: *Nymph:* *Nymph:* what i't? what's the newes?

Nym: You will be secret .

Hero: Scilence it selfe,

Nym *Don Zuccones* Ladie's with child apparantly.

Her: *Herod,* *Herod,* whats the matter preehee, the newes?

Hero: You must tell no bodie :

Her: As I am generous--

Hero: *Don Zuccones* Ladie's with child apparantly.

Zucc: *Faune* whats the whisper, whats the fooles secret newes?

Her: Truth my Lord, a thing, that beautie, that well, I faith it is not fit you know it? now, now, now.

Zucc: Not fit I know it, as thou art baptis'd tell me, tell me.

Her: Will you plight your patience to it?

Zucc: Speake I am a very blocke, I will not be mou'd, I am a very blocke.

Her: But if you should grow disquiet (as I protest, it would make a Saint blasphemous) I should be vnwilling to procure your impatience.

Zucc: Ye doe, burst me burst me, burst me with longing:

Her: Nay faith tis no great matter, harke yee, youle tell no body.

Zucc: Not.

Her: As you are noble.

Zucc: As I am honest.

Her: Your Ladie wife is apparantly with child.

Zucc: With child?

Her: With child.

Zucc: Foole.

Her: My *Don*.

Zucc: With child? by the pleasure of generation, I proclaime I lay not with her this---giue vs patience, giue vs patience.

Her: Why? my Lord tis nothing to weare a forke.

Zucc: Heauen and earth,

Her: All things vnder the Moone are subiect to their mistris grace; heere, lend me your ring my *Don*, Ile put it on my finger,

THE FAWNE.

now tis on yours againe, why is the gold now ere the worse in lustre or fitness?

Zucc: Am I vs'd thus?

Her: I my Lord true, nay to be (looke ye marke ye) to bee vs'd like a dead ox, to haue your owne hide pluckt on, to bee drawne on, with your owne horne, to haue the Lordshippe of your father, the honour of your auncestors, maugre your beard, to discend to the base lust of some groome of your stable, or the page of your chamber.

Zucc: Oh *Phalaris* thy Bull.

S. Am: Good *Don:* ha patience, you are not the only Cuckold, I would now be separated.

Zucc: 'Las thats but the least drop of the storme of my reuenge, I will vnlegittimall the issue, what I will doe, shall be horrible but to thinke.

Her: But Sir.

Zucc: But Sir ? I will doe what a man of my forme may do, and laugh on, laugh on, doe Sir *Amarous*, you haue a Ladie too.

Hero: But my sweet Lord.

Zucc: Doe not anger me, least I most dreadfully curse thee, and with thee married, oh *Zuccone*, spitte white, spitte thy gall out, the only boone I craue of heauen is, but to haue my honors inherited by a bastard, I will be most tirānous, blouddily tirannous in my reuenge, and most terrible in my curses: liue to grow blind with lust, sencelesse with vse, loathed after, flattered before, hated alwaies, trusted neuer, abhorred euer, and last may she liue to weare a foule smocke seuen weekes togeather; heauen I besech thee.

Exit.

Zoya: Is he gone: is he blowne of? now out vpon him vn-sufferably ialous foole,

Enter Zoya and Ponca.

Don: Lady:

Zoya: Didst thou giue him the fam'd report? do's hee beleuee I am with child? do's he giue faith?

Don: In most sinceritie, most sincerely.

Her: Nay tis a pure foole, I can tell yee he was bred vp in Germany.

Nym: But the laughter rises, that hee vowes hee lay not in your bed

THE FAWNE.

bed this foure yeare with such exquisite protestations.

Zoya. That's most full truth, he hath most vniustly seuered his sheetes euer since the old Duke *Pietro* (heauen rest his soule.)

Don. Fie, you may not pray for the dead, tis indifferent to them what you say.

Nym. Well sayd foole.

Zoya. Euer since the old Duke *Pietro*, the great Deuill of hell torture his soule.

Don. O Ladie yet charitie.

Zoya. Why? tis indifferent to them what you say foole, but do's my Lord rauell out, do's he fret? for pitie of an afflicted Ladie load him soundly, let him not worke cleere from vexation, hee has the most dishonourably, with the most sinfull, most vitious obstinacie, perseuered to wronge mee that were I not of a male constitution, twere impossible for mee to suruiue it, but in madnesse name, let him on, I ha not the weake fence of some of your soft-eyed whimpering Ladies, who, if they were vs'd like me, would gall their fingers with wringing their handes, looke like bleeding *Lucreesses*, and shed salt water ynough to powder all the beefe in the Dukes larder. No, I am resolu'd *Donna Zoya*; ha; that wiues were of my mettall, I would make these ridiculously iealous footes, howle like a starued dogge, before he got a bit, I was created to be the affliction of such an vn sanctified member, and will boyle him in his owne sirupe.

Enter Zuccone listening.

Herc. Peace the woolfes eare takes the winde of vs.

Hero. The enemye is in ambush.

Zoya. If any man ha the wit, now let him talke wantonly, but not bauldily; come Gallants who'le be my seruants: I am now verie open harted, and full of entertainment.

Herc. Grace me too call you mistres.

Nym. Or me.

Her. Or me,

Sir Am. Or me.

Zoya. Or all, I am taken with you all, with you all.

Herc. As indeed, why should any woman onely loue such an one, since it is reasonable, women should affect all perfection, yea, all should couet many vertues, therefore Ladies should couet many men; for as in women, so in men, some woman hath only a good

D

eye,

THE FAWNE.

eye, one can discourse beautifully, if she doe not laugh, one's well fauoured to her nose, another hath onely a good brow, tother a plumpe lippe, a third onely holdes beautie to the teeth, and there the soyle alters, some peradventure hold good to the breast, and then downward turne like the drempt of Image, whose head was gold, breast siluer, thighes yron, and all beneath clay and earth, one onely winkes eloquently, another onely kisses well, tother onely talkes well, a fourth onely lyes well : So in men, one Gal-
lant has onely a good face, another has onely a graue metho-
dicall beard, and is a notable wise fellow, vntill he speakes, a third
onely makes water well, and thats a good prouoking qualitie, one
onely sweares well, another onely speakes well, a third onely do's
well, all in their kinde good, goodnesse is to bee affected, there-
fore they, it is a base thing and indeed an impossible for a worthy
minde to bee contented with the whole world, but most vile and
abieect to be satisfied with one point or pricke of the world.

Zoya. Excellent *Faunus* I kisse thee for this, by this hand.

Sir Am. I thought as well, kisse me to deere mistresse.

Zoya. No, good sir *Amorous*, your teeth hath taken rust, your
breath wants ayding, and indeed I loue sound kissing. Come Gal-
lants, who'le run a Caranto, or leape a Leualto.

He. Take heed Ladie fró offéding or brusing the hope of your wōb.

Zoya. No matter, now I ha the sleight, or rather the fashion of
it, I feare no barrennesse.

Herc. O, but you know not your husbands aptnesse.

Zoya. Husband? husband? as if women could haue no chil-
dren without husbands.

Nym. I, but then they will not be so like your husband.

Zoya. No matter, thei'le be like their father, tis honour ynough
to my husband, that they vouchsafe to call him father, and that
his land shall discend to them (do's hee not gnash his very teeth in
anguish) like our husband? I had rather they were vngroand for, like
our husband & prooue such a melancholy ieaious asse as he is : Do's
he not stampe?

Nym. But troth, your husband has a good face.

Zoya. Faith good ynough face for a husband, come gallants Ile
daunce to mine owne whistle, I am as light now as : ah, (*She sings*
a kisse to you, to my sweet free seruants dreame on me, (*and daun-*
and adue,

Exit Zoya.

(*ces.*

Zuecone

THE FAWNE.

Zuccone discouers himselfe.

Zucc: I shall loose my wits.

Herc: Be comforted deere *Don*, you ha none to leeze:

Zucc: My wife is growne like a Dutch-crest alwaies rampant, rampant, fore I will endure this affliction, I will liue by raking cockles out of kennels, nay, I will run my Countrey, forsake my religion, goe weaue Fustians, or rowle the wheele-barrow at *Rotterdam*.

Herc: I would be diuorced dispite her friends, or the oath of her Chamber-maide.

Zucc: Nay, I will be diuorced in dispite of em all, Ile goe to law with her.

Herc: Thats excellent, nay, I would goe to lawe.

Zucc: Nay, I will goe to law.

Herc: Why thats sport alone, what though it be most exaoting, wherefore is money?

Zucc: True, wherefore is money?

Herc: What though you shall pay for euerie quill, each droppe of Inke, each minnam, letter, tittle, comma, pricke, each breath, nay, not onely for thine owne Orators prating, but for some other Orators scilence, though thou must buy scilence with a full hand, tis well knowne *Demosthenes* tooke aboute 2000. pound once only to hold his peace, though thou a man of noble gentrie, yet you must waight, and besiege his studie dore, which will prooue more hard to be entred, than old *Troy*, for that was gotten into by a wooden horse, but the entrance of this may chaunce cost thee a whole stocke of Cattell, *Oues & bones & cetera pecoracampi*, though then thou must sit there thrust and contemned bare-headed to a grograine scribe readie to start vp at the dore creaking, prest to get in, with your leaue Sir, to some surly groome, the third sonne of a Rope-maker; what of all this?

Zucc: To a resolute minde these torments are not felt.

Herc: A verie arrant Ass, when hee is hungrie will feed on though hee bee whipt to the bones, and shall a verie arrant Ass *Zuccone*, be more vertuously patient, than a noble.

Don. No *Fawne*, the world shal know I haue more vertue, than so.

Herc: Doe so and be wise.

Zucc: I will I warrant thee, so I may be reuenged, what care I

Herc: Call a dogge worshipfull,

(what I doe?)

THE FAWNE.

Zucc. Nay, I will embrace, nay I will embrace a Iake-farmer after eleuen a clocke at night, I will stand bare, and giue wall to a Bellows-mender, pawne my Lordship, sell my foot-cloth, but I will be reueng'd, do's she thinke she has married an Asse?

Herc: A Foole?

Zucc: A Coxecombe?

Herc: A Ninny-hammer?

Zucc: A Woodcocke?

Herc: A Calfe?

Zucc. No, she shall finde that I ha eyes.

Herc: And braine.

Zucc: And nose.

Herc: And Fore-head.

Zucc: She shall yfaith *Fawne*, she shall, she shall, sweet *Fawne*, she shall yfaith old boy, it ioyes my blood to thinke on't, she shall yfaith; farewell lou'd *Fawne*, sweet *Fawne* farewell, she shall yfaith boy.

Exit Zuccone.

Enter Gonzago, and Granuffo with Dulcimell.

Gonz: We would be priuate onely *Fannus* stay, *Exeunt.*
He is a wise fellow Daughter, a verie wise fellow, for he is still iust of my opinion: my Lord *Granuffo*, you may likewise stay for, I know you'l say nothing, say on Daughter.

Dul: And as I told you sir, *Tiberio* being sent,
Grac't in high trust as to negotiate
His royall fathers loue, if he neglect
The honour of this faith, iust care of state,
And euerie fortune that giues likelyhood
To his best hopes, to drawe our weaker heart
To his owne loue (as I protest he do's)

Gonza: Ile hate the Prince with such a heat of breath.
His eares shall glow, nay, I discouer'd him
I read his eyes, as I can read an eye,
Tho it speake in darkest Characters I can,
Can we not *Fawne*, can we not my Lord?
Why I conceiue you now, I vnderstand you both:
You both admire, yes, say is't not hit?
Though we are old, or so, yet we ha wit.

Dulc. And you may say, (if your wisdom please
As you are truely wise) how weake a creature

Soft

THE FAWNE.

Soft woman is to beare the seidge and strength,
Of so preuailing feature, and faire language,
As that of his is euer : you may adde,
(If so your wisdome please, as you are wise)

Gonz: As mortall man may be (proceed

Dul: I am of yeares, apt for his loue, & if he should
in priuate vrgent sute, how easie twere,
To win my loue, for you may say (if so
Your wisdome please) you find in me
A very forward passion to inioy him,
And therefore you beseech him seriously
Straight to forbear, with such close cunning arte,
To vrg his too well graced suite : for you
(If so your Lordship please) may say I told you all.

Gonz: Goe to goe to, what I will say or so,
Vntill I say none but my selfe shall know.
But I will say goe to, do's my colour rise?
It shall rise for I can force my bloud
To come and goe, as men of wit and state,
Must sometimes faine their loue, sometimes their hate.
That's pollicie now, but come with this free heate,
Or this same *Estro* or *Enthusiasme*,
(For these are phrases both poeticall)
Will we goe rate the Prince, and make him see
Himselfe in vs; that is our grace and wits, (fits.
Shall shew his shapeles follie, vice kneels whiles vertue

Enter Tiberio.

But see we are preuented daughter, in
It is not fit thy selfe should heare what I
Must speake of thy most modest wise, wise mind
For Tha'rre carefull, sober, in all most wise. *Exit Dul.*
And in deed our daughter. My Lord *Tiberio.*
A horse but yet a Colt may leaue his trot
A man, but yet a boy may well be broke,
From vaine addictions, the head of Riuers stopt,
The Channell dries, he that doth dread a fire,
Must put out sparkes, and he who feares a bull,
Must cut his hornes off when he is a Calfe,
Principis obsta; saith a learned man

THE FAWNE.

Who, tho he was no Duke yet he was wise,
And had some sence or so.

Tib: What meanes my Lord?

Lah sir, thus men of braine can speake in cloudes
Which weake eyes cannot pearce; but my faire Lord
In direct phrase thus, my daughter tels me plaine
You goe about with most direct intreates
To gaine her loue, and to abuse her father,
O my faire Lord, will you a youth so blest
With rarest gifts of fortune, and sweete graces
Offer to loue a young and tender Ladie,
Will you I say abuse your most wise father?
Who tho he freeze in *August*, and his calues
Are sunck into his toes, yet may wel wed our daughter
As old as he in wit: will you I say
(For by my troth my Lord I must be plaine)
My daughter is but young, and apt to loue
So fit a person as your proper selfe,
And so she prayd me tell you, will you now
Intice her easie brest to abuse your trust,
Her proper honour, and your fathers hopes?
I speake no figures, but I charge you check
Your appetite, and passions to our daughter
Before it head, nor offer conference
Or seeke access, but by, and before vs;
What iudge you vs as weake, or as vnwise? (on't.
No you shal find that *Venice* Duke has eyes; & so thinke
Exeunt Gonzago and Granuffo.

Tib: Astonishment and wonder, what means this?
Is the Duke sober?

Her: Why ha not you endeouor'd
Courses that haue seconded appetite?
And not your honour, or your trust of place,
Doe you not court the Ladie for your selfe?

Tib: *Faune* thou dost loue me: if I ha done so
Tis past my knowledge, and I preethe *Faune*
If thou obseru'st, I doe I know not what
Make me to know it, for by the deare light
I ha not found a thought that way; I apt for loue?

Let

THE FAWNE.

Let lazy idlenes fild full of wine,
Heau'd with meates, high fedde with lustfull ease
Goe dore on culler, as for me : why earth a sence
I court the Ladie? I was not borne in Cyprus,
I loue, when? how? whome? thinke, let vs yet keepe
Our reason sound; Ile thinke, & thinke, & sleepe. *Exit.*

Her: Amazd, even lost in wondring, I rest full
Of couetous expectation : I am left
As on a rock, from whence I may discerne
The giddie sea of humour flowe beneath,
Vpon whose backe the vayner bubbles floate
And forth with breake, o mightie flatterie
Thou easiest, commonst, and most gratefull venome
That poysons Courts, and all societies,
How gratefull dost thou make me, should one rayle
And come to seare a vice, beware legge-ringes
And the turnd key on thee, when if softer hand
Suppling a sore that itches (which should smart)
Free speech gaines foes, base fawnings steale the heart,
Swell you impostumbd members till you burst
Since tis in vaine to hinder, on ile thrust
And when in shame you fall, ile laugh from hence,
And crie, so end all desperate impudence.
An others court shall shew me where and how
Vice may be cur'd, for now beside my selfe
Possess with almost phrenzie, from strong feruor
I know I shall produce things meere deuine,
Without immoderate heate, no vertues shine
For I speake strong, tho strange, the dewes that steepe
Our so ules in deepest thoughts, are *Furie* and *Sleepe*.
Exit.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Enter Faunus and Nymphador.

Nym: Faith *Faune* tis my humor, the naturall sinne of my sanguine complexion, I am most inforcedly in loue with all women, almost affecting them all with an equall flame.

Her: An excellent iustice of an vpright vertue, you loue all Gods creatures with an vnpartiall affection.

Nym: Right, neither am I inconstant to any one in particular.

THE FAWNE.

Her: Tho you loue all in generall, true, for when you vowe a most deuoted loue to one you sweare not to tender a most deuoted loue to another, and indeede why shoulde any man ouer-loue any thing, tis iudgement for a man to loue euery thing proportionably to his vertue. I loue a dogge with a hunting pleasure, as he is pleasurable in hunting, my horse after a iourneing easines as he is easie in iourneing, my hawke, to the goodnesse of his winge, and my wench—

Nym: How sweet *Fawne*, how?

Her: Why according to her creation, nature made them prettie, toying, idle phantastique imperfect creatures, euen so I would in iustice affect them, with a pretty toying idle phantastique imperfect affection, and as in deed they are onely created for shew and pleasure, so would I onely loue them for shew and pleasure.

Nym: Why that's my humour to a very thread, thou dost speake my proper thoughts.

Her: But Sir with what possibilitie can your constitution be so boundlessly amorous as to affect all women of what degree, forme or complexion seuer?

Nym: Ile tell thee, for mine owne part, I am a perfect *Ouidian*, and can with him affect all, if shee bee a virgin of a modest eye, shamefack't, temperate aspect, her very modestie inflames mee, her sober blushes fires me, if I behold a wanton, prettie, courtly petulant Ape, I am extreemely in loue with her, because she is not clownishly rude, & that she assures her louer of no ignorant, dull, mouing venus, be she sowerly seuer: I thinke she wittily counterfeits, and I loue her for her wit, if she be learned and sensures poets, I loue her soule, and for her soule her bodie, bee she a Ladie of profest ignorance, oh I am infinitely taken with her simplicitie, I am assured to find no sophistication about her, bee she slender and leane, shee's the Greekes delight, bee she thick and plumpe, shee's the Italians pleasure, if she bee tall, shee's of a goodly forme, and will printe a faire proportion in a large bedde, if she bee short and low, shee's nimbly delightfull, and ordinarily quicke witted, bee she young shee's for mine eye, bee she old shee's for my discourse as one well knowing, ther's much amiablenes in a graue matron, but bee she young or old, leane, fat, short, tall, white, red, browne, nay euen blacke, my discourse shall find reason to loue her, if my meanes may procure opportunitie to enioy her.

Excellent

THE FAWNE

Herc. Excellent Sir, nay if a man were of competent meanes wert not a notable delight for a man to haue for euery moneth in the yeare?

Nym. Nay for euery weeke of the Moneth?

Herc. Nay for euery day of that weeke?

Nym. Nay for euery howre of that day?

Herc. Nay for euery humor of a man in that howre, to haue a feuerall Mistresse to entertaine him, as if he were *Saturnine*, or melancholy to haue a blacke hayred, pall-fac'de, fallow thinking Mistresse to clippe him: If *Ionsall* and merry, a sanguine, light tripping, singing indeed, a Mistresse that would daunce and caranto as shee goes to embrace him, if cholericke, impatient or irefull, to haue a mistresse with redde haire, little Ferret eyes, a leane cheekke, and a sharpe nose to entertaine him. And so of the rest.

Enter Donetta.

Nym. O fir this were too great ambition: well I loue and am beloued of a great many, for I court all in the way of honour, in the trade of marriage *Fawne*, but aboue all I affect the Princes, shees my vtmost end. O I loue a Lady whose beauty is ioyned with Fortune, beyond all, yet one of beauty, without fortune for some vses, nay one of fortune without beauty for some endes, but neuer any that has neither fortune nor beauty, but for necessity such a one as this is *Dona Donetta*. Heres one has loued all the Court iust once ouer.

Herc. O this is the faire Lady with the fowle teeth, Natures hand shooke when shee was in making, for the red that should haue spread her cheekes, nature let fall vpon her nose, the white of her skinne slipt into her eyes, and the gray of her eyes leapt before his time into her hayr, and the yeallownes of her hayre fell without prouidence into her teeth.

Nym. By the vow of my hart, you are my most onely elected and I speake by way of protestation, I shall no longer wish to be, then that your onely affection shall rest in me, and mine onely in you.

Don. But if you shall loue any other.

Nym. Any other, can any man, loue any other that knowes you, the onely perfection of your sexe, and astonishment of mankind.

E

Don. Fic

THE FAWNE

Don. Fie yee flatterer, goe weare and vnderſtād my fauour, this ſnayle ſlow, but ſure.

Nym. This kiſſe.

Don. Farewell.

Nym. The integritie and onely vowe of my faith to you, euer vrge your well deſerued requitall to mee.

Exit Donetta.

Herc. Excellent.

Nym. See heres an other of.

Enter Garbetza.

Herc. Of your moſt onely elected;

Nym. Right Donna Garbetza.

Her. O I wil acknowledge this is the Lady made of cutwork, and all her body like a ſand-boxe full of holes, and contains nothing but duſt, ſhe chuſeth her ſeruants as men chuſe dogs, by the mouth, if they open well and full, their crie is pleaſing, ſhee may bee chaſte, for ſhee haz a badde face, and yet queſtionles ſhee may bee made a ſtrumpet, for ſhee is co-uctous.

Nym. By the vow of my heart, you are my moſt only elected and I ſpeake it by way of proteſtation) I ſhal no longer wiſh to bee, then all your affections ſhall onely reſt in me, and all mine onely in you.

Herc. Excellent, this peece of ſtuffe is good on both ſides, he is ſo conſtant hee will not change his phraſe.

Gar. But ſhall I giue faith, may you not loue another?

Nym. An other, can any man loue another that knowes you the onely perfection of your ſexe, and admiration of mankind.

Gar. Your ſpeech flies too high, for your meaning to follow yet my miſtruſt ſhall not preceede my experience, I wrought this fauour for you.

Nym. The integritie and onely vow of my faith to you euer vrge, your well deſerued requitall to me.

Herc. Why this is pure wit, nay iudgement.

Nym. Why looke the *Fawne* obſerue me.

Herc. I doe ſir.

Nym. I do loue at this inſtant ſome nineteen Ladies al in the trade of marriage. now ſir whoſe father dyes firſt, or whoſe portion appeareth moſt, or whoſe fortune betters ſoonest, her with quiet libertie at my leysure will I elect, for if my humour loue.

Enter Dulcimel and Philocalia.

Ion

THE FAWNE

Her. You professe a most excellent mysterie first

Nym. Fore heauen, see the Princes she that is,

Herc. Your most onely elected too.

Nym. Oh I, oh I, but my hopes faint yet, by the vow of my hart
you are my most onely elected and--

Dul. Ther's a shippe of fooles going out, shall I prefer thee
Nymphodoro thou maiest be maisters mate, my father hath made
Dondilo Captain, els thou should'st haue his place.

Nym. By *Ioue Fawne* shee speakes as sharply and lookes as
sowerly, as if she had beene new squeased out of a crab.

Herc. How tearme yow that lady with whom she holds dis-
course?

Nym. O *Fawne*, t'is a Ladie euen aboue ambition, and like the
verticall sunne, that neyther forceth others to cast shadowes,
nor can others force or shade her, her stile is *Don a Philocalia*.

Herc. *Philocalia*, what that renowmed Ladie, whose ample
report hath stroke wonder into remotest strangers, and yet her
worth aboue that wonder, shee whose noble industries hath
made her breast rich in true glories, and vndying habilities, she
that whilest other ladies spend the life of earth, *Time*, in reading
their glasse, their Iewels, and the shame of Poetic lustfull so-
nets giues her soule meditations, those meditations winges,
that cleaue the aire, fan bright celestiall fiers, whose true re-
flections makes her see her selfe and them: Shee whose pittie
is euer aboue her enuie, louing nothing lesse then insolent
prosperitie, and pitying nothing more the vertue destitute of
fortune.

Nym. There were a Lady for *Ferraraes* Duke, one of great
bloud, firme age, vndoubted honour, aboue her sexe, most
modestly, artfull, tho naturally modest, too excellent, to bee
left vnmatcht, tho few worthie to match with her.

Herc. I cannot tell my thoughtes grow busie.

Phi. The Princes would be priuate, voide the presence. *Exeunt*

Dulc. May I rest sure, thou wilt conceale a secret.

Phi. Yes madam.

Dul. How may I rest truely assurde.

Phi. Truelie thus, Doe not tell it me.

Dul. Why, canst thou not conceale a secret?

Phi. Yes, as long as it is a secret, but when two know it.

THE FAWNE.

how can it be a secret, and indeed with what iustice can you expect secrecie in me that cannot bee priuate to your selfe?

Dulc. Faith *Philocalia*, I must of force trust thy silence, for my breast breakes if I conferre not my thoughtes vpon thee.

Phi. You may trust my silence, I can commaund that, but if I chance to bee questioned I must speake truth, I can conceale but not deny my knowledge, that must commaund me.

Dulc. Fie on these Philosophicall discoursing womē, prethee conferre with me like a creature made of flesh and blood, and tell me, if it bee not a scandall to the soule of all being proportion, that I a female of 13. of a lightsome and ciuill discretion, healthy, lustie, vigorus, full and idle, should for euer be shackled to the crampie shinnes of a wayward, dull, fowre, austere, rough, rhenmy, threescore and foure.

Phi. Nay, threescore and ten at the least,

Dulc. Now heauen blesse me, as it is pittie that euery knaue is not a foole, so it is shame, that euery old man is not, and resteth not a widdower. They say in China, when women are past child-bearing, they are all burnt to make gun-powder. I wonder what men should bee done withall, when they are past child-getting: yet vpon my loue *Philocalia* (which with Ladies is often aboue their honor) I do euen dote vpon the best part of the Duke.

Phi. Whats that?

Dulc. His sonne, yes sooth, and so loue him, that I must marrie him.

Phi. And wherefore loue him, so to marrie him.

Dulc. Because I loue him, and because he is vertuous, I loue to marrie.

Phi. His vertues.

Dul. I, with him his vertues.

Phi. I with him, alas sweet Princes, loue or vertue are not of the essence of marriage.

Dulc. I iest vpon your vnderstanding, Ile maintaine that wisedom in a woman is a most foolish qualitie: A Lady of a good complection naturally, well witted, perfectly bred and well exercised, in discourse of the best men, shall make fooles of a thousand of these booke thinking creatures, I speake it by way of iustification, I tell thee, (looke that no body Eauf-droppe vs. I tell thee I am truely learned, for I protest igno-

rante

THE FAWNE

rant, and wise, for I loue my selfe, and vertuous enough for a Lady of fifteene. *Phi.* How vertuous?

Dul. Shal I speake like a creature of a good healthful bloud and not like one of these weake Greene sicknesse, leane tisticke, staruelinges: First for the vertue of magnanimity, I am very valiant, for there is no heroicke action so particularly noble and glorious to our sexe, as not to fall to action, the greatest deede wee can doe is not to doe, (looke that no body listen) Then am I full of patience, and can beare more then a Sumpter horse, for (to speake sensibly) what burthen is there so heavy to a Porters backe, as Virginitie to a well complectioned yong Ladies thoughtes? (looke no body harken,) By this hand the noblest vow is that of Virginitie, because the hardest, I will haue the *Prince*.

Phi. But by what meanes sweet Madam?

Dul. Oh *Philocalia*, in heavy sadnes and vnwanton phrase, there lies all the braine worke, by what meanes, I could fall into a miserable blanke verse presently.

Phi. But deare Madam, your reason of louing him.

Dul. Faith onely a womans reason, because I was expressely forbidden to loue him, at the first view I likte him, and no sooner had my Fathers wisdom mistrusted my liking, but I grew loath his iudgement should erre, I pittied hee should proue a foole in his old age, and without cause mistrust me.

Phi. But when you saw no meanes of manifesting your affection to him, why did not your hopes perish?

Dul. O *Philocalia* that difficultie onely inflames me, whē the enterprise is easie, the victorie is inglorious, no let my wise aged, learned, intelligent Father, that can interpret eyes, vnderstand the language of birdes, interpret the grumbling of dogs, and the conference of cats, that can reade euen silence, let him forbid all enterviewes, all speeches, all tokens, all messages, all (as he thinkes) humane meanes, I will speake to the Prince, court the Prince, that hee shall vnderstand me, nay I will so stalke on the blind side of my all knowing fathers wit, that do what his wisdom can, hee shall bee my onely mediator, my onely messenger, my onely honourable spokesman, hee shall carrie my fauours, hee shall amplifie my affection, nay hee shall direct the Prince the meanes the very way to my bed, hee and

THE FAWNE.

onely he, when he onely can doe this, and onely would not do this, he onely shall doe this.

Phi. Onely you shall then deserue such a husband, O loue how violent are thy passages.

Dul. Pish *Philocalia* tis against the nature of loue, not to be violent.

Phi. And against the condition of violence to be constant.

Dul. Constancy, constancy and patience are vertues in no liuing creatures but Centenels and Anglers; heres our father.

Enter Gonzago, Hercules and Granuffo.

Gon. What did he thinke to walke inuisibly before our eyes, and he had *Giger* ring I would find him.

Herc. Fore loue you rated him with Emphasis.

Gon. Did wee not shake the Prince with enargies.

Her. With Ciceronian elocution.

Gon. And most pathetique piercing oratorie.

Her. If he haue any witte in him, hee will make sweete vse of it.

Gon. Nay, he shall make sweet vse of it ere I haue done, Lord what ouerweening fooles these young men be, that thinke vs olde men sottes.

Her. Arrant Asses.

Gon. Doting idiots, when we God wot, ha, ha, las fillie soules.

Herc. Poore weake creatures to men of approued reach.

Gon. Full yeares. *Her.* Of wise experience.

Gon. And approued wit.

Herc. Nay as for your wit.

Con. Count *Granuffo* as I liue this *Fawnus* is a rare vnderstander of men is a not, *Fawnus*, this *Granuffo* is a right wise good Lord, a man of excellent discourse, and neuer speakes, his signes to me, & men of profound reach instruct abundantly, he begges suites with signes, giues thanks with signes, puts off his hat leysurly, maintaines his beard learnedly, keeps his lust priuately, makes a nodding legge courtly, and liues happily.

Her. Silence is an excellent modest grace, but especially before, so instructing a wisdom, as that of your excellencies, as for his advancement, you gaue it most royally, because hee

deserues

THE FAWNE

deserues it least dulia, since to giue to vertuous desert, is rather a due requitall, then a Princeliemagnificence, when to vnderferuingnesse, it is meerely all bountie and free grace.

Gon. Well spoke, 'tis enough, *Don Granuffo*, this *Fawnus* is a very worthy fellow, and an excellent Courtier, and belou'd of most of the Princes of Christendome, I can tell you, for howsoeuer some seuerer dissembler grace him not when hee affrontes him in the full face, yet if he comes behind, or on the one side heele leere and put backe his heade vpon him be sure, be you two pretious to each other.

Her. Sir my selfe, my family, my fortunes, are all deuoted I protest most religiously to your seruice. I vow my whole selfe onely proude in beeing acknowledged by you, but as your Creature, and my only vtmost ambition is by my sword or soule to testifie, how sincerely I am consecrated to your adoration.

Gon. 'Tis enough, art a Gentleman *Fawne*.

Her. Not vneminently discended, for were the pedegrees of some fortunately mounted, searched, they would be secretlie found to bee of the blood of the poore *Fawne*.

Gon. 'Tis enough, you two I loue heartily, for thy silence neuer displeaseth me, nor thy speech euer offend me: See our daughter attendes vs, my faire, my wife, my chaste, my dutious, and indeed, in all my daughter, (for such a pretty soule, for all the world haue I beene) what I thinke wee haue made the Prince to feele his error, what did hee thinke? hee had weake fooles in hand, no, he shall finde as wisely said *Lucullus*, Young men are fooles, that goe aboute to gull vs.

Dulc. But sooth my wisest father, the young Prince is yet forgetfull, and resteth resolute, in his much vnaduised loue.

Gon. Ist possible?

Dul. Nay I protest what ere he faine to you (as hee can faine most deeply.)

Gon. Right wee know it, for if you marke hee would not once take ense of any such intent from him, O impudence, what mercy canst thou looke for.

Dul. And

THE FAWNE

Dul. And as I said, royally wise, and wisely royall Father.

Gon. I thinke that eloquence is hereditarie.

Dul. Tho he can faine, yet I presume your sense is quicke enough to find him.

Gon. Quicke, ist not.

Gra. Ist not *Fawne*, why I did know you fained, nay I doe know (by the iust sequence of such impudence) that hee hath laide some second siedge vnto thy bosome, with most miraculous conueyances of some rich present to thee.

Dulc. O bounteous heauen, how liberall are your graces to my *Nesto*-like father.

Gon. Ist not so, say.

Dul. Tis so oraculous Father, he hath now more then courted with bare Phrases.

See Father see, the very bane of honour,
Corruption of iustice and Virginitie,
Giftes hath hee left with me, O view this scarfe,
This as he calde it most enuied filke,
That should embrace an arme, or waste or side,
Which he much fearde should neuer, this he left,
Despight my much resistance.

Gon. Did he so, giu't me, Ile giu't him, Ile regieue his token with so sharpe aduantage.

Dulc. Nay my worthy Father, reade but these cunning letters.

Gon. Letters? where, Proue you but iustly louing, & cōceiue me Till iustice leaue the Gods Ile neuer leaue thee,
For tho the Duke seeme wise, heele finde this straine,
Where two harts finde consent, all thawrtings vaine,
And darst thou then auerre this writte,
O world of wenching wiles, where is thy wit!

Enter Tiberio.

Dul. But other talk for vs were farre more fit,
For see here comes the Prince *Tiberio*.

Gon. Daughter vpon thy obedience, instantly take thy chāber

Dul. Deare father in all dutie, let me beseech your leaue, that I may but--

Gon. Go to. go to, you are a simple foole, a very simple animal.

Dul. Yet let me be the loiall seruant of simplicitie.

Gon. What would you doe? what are you wiser then your father, will you direct me?

Dul. Heauens forbid such insolence, yet let me denounce my hearty

THE FAWNE.

harty hatred.

Gon. To what end?

Dul. Tho'tbe but in the Princes care, (since fit's not maiden,
blush to raile aloude,

Gon. Go to, go to.

Dul. Let me checke his heate.

Gon. Well, well.

Dul. And take him downe deare father, from his full pride of
hopes.

Gon. So, so, I say once more goe in.

Exit Dulcimet and Philotalia.

I will not loose the glorie of reproofe;

Is this th' office of Embassadors my Lord *Tiberius*

Nay dutie of a sonne, nay piety of a man,

A figure cal'd in Art, *Gradatio*,

Which some learnde (*Climax*) to court a royall Lady,

For'smaister, father, or perchance his friend,

And yet intend the purchase of such bewtie,

To his own vse. *Tib.* Your Grace doth much amazeme.

Gon. Ifaine, dissemble, Las we are now growne olde, weak
fighited, alas any one fooles vs.

Tib. I deeply vow my Lord

Gon. Peace, bee not damde, haue pittie on your soule,

I confesse sweete Prince for you to loue my daughter,

Young and wittie, of equall mixture both of mind and bodie,

Is neither wondrous nor vnnaturall,

Yet to forswear and vow against ones hart,

Is full of base, ignoble cowardise,

Since t'is most plain, such speeches do contemn

Heauen, and feare men, (that's sententious now)

Tib. My gracious Lord, if I vnknowingly haue er'de,

Gon. Vnknowingly, can you blush my Lord:

Vnknowingly, why can you write these lines,

Present this skarffe, vnknowingly my Lord,

To my deare daughter, vm, vnknowingly:

Can you vrge your suite, preferre your gentlest loue,

In your owne right, to her too easie breast:

That God knowes takes too much compassion on yee,

(And so shee praide me say) vnknowingly my Lord,

If you can act these thinges vnknowingly,

Know wee can know your actions so vnknown,

For wee are old I will not say in wit,

(For euery iust worth must not approue it selfe)

But

THE FAWNE.

But take your skarfe, for shee vows sheele not weare it,

Tib. Nay but my Lord.

Gon. Nay but my Lord, my Lord.

You must take it, weare it, keepe it,
 For by the honour of our house and bloud,
 I will deale wisely and be prouident,
 Your father shall not say I pandarizde,
 Or fondly winkt at your affection,
 No wee be wise this night our daughter yeeldes
 Your fathers answere, this night we inuite
 Your presence therefore to a feastfull waking,
 To morrow to *Ferrara* you returne,
 With wished aunswere to your royall father,
 Meane time as you respect our best relation
 Of your faire bearing, (*Granuffo* ist not good?)
 Of your faire bearing, rest more anxious,
 (No anxious is not a good word) rest more vigilant
 Ouer your passion, both forbear and beare,
Anechon, e apechon, thats Greeke to you now,
 Else your youth shall finde,
 Our nose not stuf, but we can take the winde,
 And smell you out, I say no more but thus,
 And smell you out, what, ha not we our eyes,
 Our nose and eares, what are these haire vnwise?
 Looke too't, *quos ego*, a figure called *Aposiopesis* or
Increpatio. *Exeunt Gonzago & Granuffo.*

Tib. Prone you but iustly, louing and conceine me,
 Justice shall leaue the gods before I leaue thee:

*I*magination prone as true, as thou art sweet,
 And tho the Duke seeme wise, heele finde this straine
 When two harts yeeld consent, all shwarthings vaine.

O quick deuiceful strong braind *Dulcimet*
 Thou art too full of witte to be a wife,
 Why dost thou loue, or what strong heat gaue life
 To such faint hopes? O woman thou art made
 Most only of, and for deceit, thy forme
 Is nothing but delusion of our eyes,
 Our eares, our heartes, and sometimes of our handes,
 Hipocrisie and vanity brought forth,

With.

THE FAWNE.

Without male heate, thy most most monstrous being
Shall I abuse my royall fathers trust.

And make my selfe a scorne, the very foode
Of rumor infamous, shall I that euer loathde,
A thought of woman, now begin to loue,
My worthy fathers right, breake faith to him that got
To get a faithles woman? (me

Herc. True my worthie Lord, your grace is *verepins.*

Tib. To rake from my good father the pleasure of his eyes,
And of his hands, imaginary solace of his fading life:

Herc. His life that onely liues to your sole good,

Tib. And my selfe good, his lifes most onely end.

Herc. Which O may neuer end!

Tib. Yes *Fawne* in time, we must not prescribe to nature euery
thing: ther's some end in euery thing.

Herc. But in a woman, yet as she is a wife, she is,
Oftentimes the end of her husband.

Tib. Shal I, I say?

Herc. Shall you I say confound your owne faire hopes,
Crosse all your course of life, make your selfe vaine,
To your once steady grauenes, and all to second,
The ambitious quicknes of a monstrous loue,
Thats onely out of difficultie borne.
And followed onely for the miracle,
In the obtaining, I would ha ye now,
Tell her father all.

Tib. Vncompassionate vilde man, shal I not pittie, if I cannot
Or rather shall I not for pittie loue, (loue
So wondrous wit in so most wondrous beautie,
That with such rarest art and cunning meanes,
Entreates? what I thinke valules, and not
Worthy but to graunt my admiration,
Are fathers to be thought on in our loues.

Herc. True right sir, fathers or friendes, a crowne,
And loue hath none, but all are allied to themselves alone,
Your father I may boldlie say, hee's an Asse,
To hope that youle forbear to swal low,
What he cannot chew, naye't is iniustice truely,
For him to iudge it fit, that you should starue.

THE FAWNE.

For that which onely he can feast his eye withall,
And not digest.

Tib. O *Fawne* what man of so cold earth
But must loue such a wit in such a body,
Thou last and onely rarenes of heauens workes,
From best of man made modell of the Gods:
Diuineſt woman, thou perfection
Of all proportions, bewty made when *Ioue* was blith,
Well ſilde with *Nectar*, and full friendes with man,
Thou deare as ayre, neceſſary as ſleepe
To carefull man: woman, O who can ſin ſo deeply,
As to be curſt from knowing of the pleaſures,
Thy ſoft ſocietie, modeſt amorousnes,
Yeeldes to our tedious life. *Fawne*, the Duke ſhal not know this
Herc. Vnleſſe you tell him, but what hope can liue in you,
When your ſhort ſtay, and your moſt ſhortened conference,
Not onely actions, but euen looks obſerude,
Cut off all poſſibilities of obtaining.

Tib. Tuiſh *Fawne*, to violence of womens loue and wit,
Nothing but not obtaining is impoſſible,
Notumque furens quid ſœmina poſſit,

Her. But then how reſt you to your father true?

Tib. To him that onely can giue dues, ſhe reſts moſt due. *Exit.*

Herc. Euen ſo he that with ſafety would wel lurke in Courts,
To beſt elected ends, of force is wrung,
To keepe broade eyes, ſoft feet, long eares, & moſt ſhort tongue
Fortis of knowing creatures the maine Art,
To uſe quicke hammes, wide armes and moſt cloſe heart.

Actus tertii Finis.

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter Hercules and Garbetza.

Herc. Why t'is a moſt wel in faſhion affection *Dona Garbetza*,
your Knight Sir *Amaros* is a man of a moſt vnfortunate back,
ſpits white, has an ill breath, and at three after dinner goes to
the Bath, takes the diet, nay which is more, takes Tobacco,
therefore with great authority you may cuckolde him.

Gar. I hope ſo, but would that friend my brother diſcouer
me,

THE FAWNE.

me, would he wrong himselfe, to preiudice me.

Her. No preiudice deare *Garbetza*, his brother your husband right, he cuckolded his eldest brother, true, hee gets her with childe iust.

Garb. Sure theres no wrong in right, true and iust.

Herc. And indeed since the vertue of procreation grewed hopeles in your husband, to whome should you rather commit your loue and honour to, then him that is most like and neere your husband his brother, but are you assured your friend and brother restes intirely constant solely to you?

Garb. To me, *O Fawne*, let me sigh it with ioy into thy bosome, my brother has been wooed by this and that and tother Ladie to entertaine them (for I ha seen their letters, but his vow to me *O Fawne* is most immutable, vnfaining, peculiar, and indeed deserued.

Enter Puttotta and a Page, Puttotta with a letter in his hand.

Put. Neuer intreate me, neuer beseech me, to haue pittie forsooth on your Maister, *M. Herod*: Lethim neuer be so daringly ambitious, as to hope with all his vowes and protestations to gainemy affection, gods, my discretiō? has my sutlery, tapstry, laundrie, made mee be tane vppe at the Court, preferd me to a husband, and haue I aduanc't my husband with the labour of mine owne body, from the blacke garde, to bee one of the Dukes drūmers, to make him one of the Court gallants, can tel who weares perfumes, who plaisters, & for why, know whose a gallant, of a chaste shirt, I become, or dares your maister think I will become, or if I become, presumes your maister to hope I would become one of his common feminines, no let *M. Herod* bragge of his brothers wife, I skorne his letters, and her leauinges at my heele, ifaith and so tell him.

Pag. Nay costly, deare *Puttotto*, mistresse *Puttotto*, madam *Puttotta*, O be merciful to my languishing maister, hee may in time grow a great and well grac't Courtier, for hee weares greene already, mixe therefore your loues, as for madam *Garbetza* his brothers wife, you see what he writes there.

Put. I must confesse he saies shee is a spinie, greene creature, of an vnholseome barren bloud and cold imbrace, a bony thing of most vnequall hyppes, vneuen eyes, ill rankt teeth, and indeed one, but that shee hires him, he endures not, yet, for al this

THE FAWNE.

does he hope to dishonest me: I am for his betters, I would he should wel know it, for more by many thē my husband, know I am a woman of a knowne, sound and vpright carriage, and so hee shall find if hee deale with me, and so tell him I pray you, what does he hope to make me one of his gilles, his punckes, polecats, flirtes, and feminines.

Exit as Puttotta goes out see flinges away the letter, the page puts it up, and as hee is talking Hercules scales it out of his pocket.

Page Alas my miserable maister, what suddes art thou washt into, thou art borne to be scornde of euery carted community, and yet heele out cracke a Germaine when hee is drunke, or a Spaniard after he hath eaten a *Fumatho*, that he haz lyen with that and that, and tother lady, that he lay last night in such a maidens chamber, tother night he laide in such a Countesse couch, to night he lies in such a Ladies closet, when poore I know all this while he lied in his throat. *Exit.*

Her. Madam let me sigh it in your bosom, how immutable & vnfainting, and indeed.

Gar. Fawne I will vndoe it, raskall hee shall sterue for any further maintenance.

Here. You may make him come to the couering and recouering of his old dublets.

Gar. He was in faire hope of prouing heire to his elder brother, but he has gotten a child.

Here. So, you withdrawing your fauour, his present meanes faile him, and by getting you with child, his future meanes for euer rest despairfull to him.

Gar. O heauen that I could curse him beneath damnation, impudent varlet: by my reputation *Fawne*, I onely lou'de him, because I thought I onely did not loue him, but as hee vowed infinite beauties doated on him, alas I was a simple countrie Ladie, wore golde butrons, trunck-sleeues, and flaggon bracelets, in this state of innocency was I brought vppe to the Court.

Her. And now in stead of countrie innocency haue you got court honesty, well Madam leaue your brother to my placing, he shal haue a special cabin in the ship of fooles.

Gar. Right, remember hee got his elder brothers wife with child, and so depriude himselfe of th' inheritance.

Her. That

THE FAWNE.

Herc. That will follow him vnder hatches I warrant you.

Gar. And so depriude him selfe of inheritance, deare *Fanne* be my champion.

Herc. The very scourge of your most basely offēding brother.

Gar. Ignoble villaine, that I might but see thee wretched without pittie and recouerie! wel. *Enter Herod & Nymphadoro.*

Herc. Stand *Herod*, you are full met sir.

Hero. But not mettful sir, I am as gaunt as a hunting gelding after 3 traine sentes, for *Venus Fanne* I haue beene shaling of peascods, vpon faire *Madona* haue I this afternoone gratted the forked tree.

Herc. Is it possible?

Hero. Possible, fie on this satietie, tis a dul, blunt, weary, and drowse passion; who would be a proper fellow to be thus gredelie deuoured and swallowed among Ladies? faith tis my torment my very rack.

Herc. Right hered, true, for imagine al a man posselt with a perpetuall pleasure, like that of generation, euen in the highest lushiousnes, he straighte sinkes as vnable to beare so continuall, so pure, so vniuersall a sensuality.

Herod. By euen truth t'is very right, and for my part would I were eunuch't rather then thus suckt away with kisses, infecbling daliance, and O the falling sicknes on them all, why did reasonable nature giue so strange, so rebellious, so tyrannous, so insatiate parts of appetite to so weake a gouernesse as woman.

Herc. Or why O custome didst thou oblige them to modesty, such cold temperance, that they must bee wooed by men, courted by mē! why all know, they are more full of stronge desires those desires most impatient of delay, or hinderance, they haue more vnourelly passions then men, and weaker reason to temper those passions then men.

Nym. Why then hath not the discretion of nature thought it iust, customary coines, old fashions, terms of honor and of modesty forsooth, all laide aside, they court not vs, beseech not vs, rather for sweetes of loue, then wee them, why by *Ianus* women are but men turnde the wrong side outward.

Herc. O sir nature is a wise worke man, she knowes right wel that if women should wooc vs to the act of loue, wee should all be vtterly shamd, how oftē shold they take vs vnprovided whē
they

THE FAWNE.

they are alwaies readie.

Herod. I fir, right fir, to some few such vnfortunate handsome fellowes as my selfe am to my grieve I know it.

Herc. Why here are two perfect Creatures, the one *Nymph-adoro*, loues al, and my *Herod* here inioyes all.

Herod. Faith some score or two of Ladies or so, rauish mee among them, deuide my presence, and would indeed ingrosse me, were I indeed such an Asse as to be made a *Monopoly* of: looke sirrah what a vilde hand one of them writes, who would cuer take this for a d. deereft, or readethis for onely, onely deereft.

Herc. Heres a lie indeed.

Herod. True, but heres another much more legible, a good secretary my most affected *Herod*, the vtmost ambition of my hopes, and onely.

Her. There is one lye better shapte by ods.

Herod. Right, but heres a Ladies roman hand to me is beyond all, looke yee, to her most elected seruant, and worthie friend *Herod Baldonzozo* Esquier, I belecue thou knowest what Countesses hand this is, Ile shew thee another.

Herc. No good *Herod* Ile shew thee one now: To his most elected Mistresse and worthy laundresse, diuine mistresse *Pustotta* at her tent in the wood-yeard or else where giue these.

Herod. Prethee ha silence whats that.

Herc. If my teares or, vowes, my doubtlest protestations on my knees.

Herod. Good hold.

Herc. Faire and onely loued laundresse.

Herod. Forbeare I beseech thee.

Herc. Might moue thy stony hart to take pittie on my sighes

Herod. Doe not shame me to the day of iudgement.

Herc. Alas I write it in passion, alas thou knowest besides my loathed sister thou art.

Herod. For the Lords sake.

Herc. The onelie hope of my pleasure, the onely pleasure of my hopes, be pleasse therefore to.

Herod. Cease I beseech thee.

Herc. Pish, neere blush man, t'is an vncourtlic quality, as for thy lying, as long as theres policie int, it is very passable, wherefore haz heauen giuen man tong but to speake to a mans own glorie? He that cannot swell bigger then his naturall skinne,
nor

THE FAVNE.

nor seeme to bee in more grace then hee is, has not learn'd the very rudiments or A.B.C. of courtshippe.

Herod. Vpon my heart *Fawn* thou pleasest me to the soule, why looke you for mine owne part I must confesse.

Enter Dondolo;

See heres the Dukes foole

Don. A bord a bord a bord all manner of fooles of court cytie or country of what degree sex or nature. *Herod* foole.

Don. *Herod.*

Herc. What, are yee ful fraighted, is your shippe well foold?

Don. O'twas excellently thronged full, a Iustice of peace tho he had beene one of the most illiterat asses in a Country could hardly ha got a hanging cabin. O we had first some lōg fortunate greate Politicians that were so sottishlie paradized as to thinke when popular hate seconded Princes displeasure to them. any vnmerited violence could seeme to the world in iustice, some purple fellowes whome chaunce reared, and their owne deficiencies of spirit hurled downe, wee had some courtiers that ore bought their offices & yet durst fall in loue, Priests that for-sooke their functions to avoid a thwart stroake with a wet finger. But nowe alas *Fawne*, now thers place and place.

Her. Why? how gat al these forth, was not the warrant strōg?

Don. Yes, yes, but they got a supersedeas al of them proued them selues eyther knaues or madd men and so were all let go, thers none left nowe in our shippe, but a few Cittizens, that let their wiues keepe their shoppe books, some philosophers, and a few Critiques; one of which Critiques has lost his flesh with fishing at the measure of *Plautus* verses, another has vowde to get the consumption of the lungues, or to leue to posteritie the true orthography and pronounciation of laughing, a third hath melted a great deale a suet, worne out his thumbs with turning, read out his eyes and studied his face out of a sangwine into a meagre spawling fleamy lothfomenes, & al to finde but why *mentula* should be the feminine gender since the rule is in *Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur mascula dicas*. These Philosophers, Critiques and al the makes wee could find at 16. are all our fraught nowe.

Herc. O then, your ship of fooles is full,

Nim. True the maides at 17. fill it,

THE FAWNE.

Don. Fill it quoth you alas we haue very fewe and these wee were faine to take vp in the country too.

Her. But what Philosophers ha ye.

Don. O very strange fellows one knowes nothing, dares not auer, he liues, goes, sees, feels.

Nym. A most insensible Philosopher.

Don. An oher that there is no present time, and that one man to day, and to morrowe is not the same man, so that he that yesterday owed money to day owes none, because he is not the same man.

Her. Would that Philosopher would hold good in law.

Her. But why has the Duke thus labord to haue all the fools shipt out of his dominions.

Don. Marry because he would play the foole himselfe alone without any riual.

Her. Ware your breech foole.

Don. I warrant thee old lad tis the priuiledge of poore fooles to talke before an intelligencer, mary if I could foole my selfe into a Lordship as I knowe some ha foole them selues out of a Lordship were I grown some huge fellow & got the leer of the people vpon me if the fates had so decreed it, I should talke treason tho I neere open my lips.

Her. *In fatis agimur, cedite fatis*, but how runnes rumor what breath's strongest in the Pallace, nowe I thinke you knowe all.

Don. Yes wee fooles thinke wee knowe all the Prince hath audience to night, is feasted and after supper is intertaine with no comedie maske or barriers but with.

Nym. What I prethe?

Herod. What I prethe?

Don. With a most new and speciall shape of delight.

Nym. What for Iones sake?

Don. Marie gallants, a session, a generall councell of loue summond in the name of *Don Cupid* to which vpon paine of their mistres displeasure shall appeare all fauour wearers, sonnet mongers, health drinkers, & neat in riches of barbers, & perfumers, & to conclude all that can wyhee or wag the taile, are vpon grieuous paines of their backe summond to be assistant in that Session of loue.

Her. Hold, hold, do not paule the delight before it come to
our

THE FAVVNE.

our pallat, & what other rumor keeps aire on mens lungs.

Don. Other egregiousnes of folly ha you not heard of **Don.**
Zucone. **Nym.** What of him good foole.

Don. Hee is separated.

Nym. Diuorced.

Don. That sale that criticisine, that very all epigram of a woman, that Analysis, that *compendium* of witnes.

Nym. Nowtelsu what wordes the foole has.

Don. We ha stil such words but I wil not vnshake the iest before it beripe and therefore kissing your worships fingers in most sweet tearmes without any sence and with most fair looks without any good meaning I most courthlike take my leaue *basus manus devostro Signioria.*

Hero. Stay foole weele follow thee, for fore heauen we must prepare our selues for this session. *Exeunt.*

Enter Zucone pursued by Zoya on her knees attended by Ladies

Zuc. I wil haue no mercy, I will not relent, iustice beard is shaven, and it shal giue thee no hold, I am separated and I wil be separated.

Zoya. Deare my Lord husband.

Zuc. Hence creature, I am none of thy husband or father of thy bastard, no I wil be tyrannous and a most deepe reuenger the order shall stand ha, thou Queene I ha no wife now.

Zoy. sweet my Lord.

Zuc. Hence auant I will marie a woman with no wombe, a creature with two noses, a wench with no haire rather then remarie thee, nay I wil first marrie, mark me I vvil first marry, obserue me, I wil rather marie a woman that with thirst drinckes the blood of man: nay, heede me a womā that wil thrust in crouds, a lady that being with child ventures the hope of her wombe, nay giues two crownes for a rouse to behold a goodlie man three partes a hie quartered, his priuities haced off, his belly launcht vp. Nay Ile rather marrie a woman to whom this smoking, hideous, bloudful, horred, tho most iust spectacles, are very lust, rather, then receipt thee, was I not a handsome fellow from my foote to my feather, had I not wit, nay, which is more, was I not a **Don.** and didst thou *Adlect* me, did I not make thee a Lady.

Hero. And did she not make you a more worshipfull thing, a Cuckold.

Zuc. I married thee in hope of children.

THE FAVNE

Here. And has not she shewed herselfe fruitfull that was got with child without helpe of her husband.

Zuc. Hathou vngratfull immodest, vnwise, & that Gods my witnes I ha lou'd, but goe thy waies twist with whom thou wilt for my part tha'st spun a faire thread, whole kisse the now whole court the now, whole ha the now?

Zoy. Pittie the frailty of my sexe sweet Lord.

Zuc. no pittie is a foole and I will not weare his coxcombe, I haue vowde to loth thee, the Irish man shall hate aquauity, the welsh man cheele, the dutch man shal loth salt butter before I reloue thee, do's the babe pule? thou should'st ha cride before, t'is to late now, no the tree's in autumnne shall sooner cal backe the spring with shedding of their leeu's; then thou reuerse my iust irreuocable hatred with thy teares, away goe vaunt.

Exit Zoya and the Lady.

Here. Nay but most of this is your fault that for many yeares onely vpon mere mistrust seuer'd your body frō your Lady and in that time gaue opportunitie turn'd a iealous asse, and hird some to trie and tempt your Ladies honour whilest she with all possible industrie of apparant merit diuer-ing your vnfortunate suspicion.

Zuc. I know't I confesse, all this I did and I doe glory in't, why? cannot a young Ladie for many monthes keepe honest? no, I misthought it, my wife had wit, beauty, health, good birth, faire clothes and a passing bodie, a Lady of rare discourse, quicke eye, sweete language, alluring behauiour, and exquisit entertainment. I misthought it, I feard, I doubted, and at the last I found it out, I prayse my witte I knewe I was a Cuckold.

Here. An excellent wit.

Zuc. True *Favne*, you shal read off few dunces that haue had such a wit I can tel you, & I found it out, & I was a Cuckold.

Here. which now you haue found you will not be such an asse as *Cesar*, great *Pompey*, *Lucullus*, *Anthony*, or *Cato* & diuers other *Romans* cuckolds, who all knew it, & yet were nere diuorc'd vpon't, or like that *Smith*, God *Vulcā* who hauing takē his wife, yet was presently appeased, and entreated to make an *Armeur* for a ballard of hers.

Zuc. No the *Romans* were asses, & thought that a womā might mixe her thigh with a stranger wantōly, & yet still loue her husband

THE FAYNE.

band matrimonially.

Herc. As indeed they say a many married men, lye sometime with strange wemē, whom, but for the instant vse, they abhor.

Zuc. And as for *Vulcan* t'was humanitie more then humain; such excesse of goodnes for my part shal onely belong to the Gods.

Herc. Asle for you.

Zuc. As for me my *Fayne* I am a batcheller nowe.

Herc. But you are a Cuckold stil, and one that knowes himselfe to be a Cuckold

Zuc. Right, thats it and I knew it not, t'were nothing and if I had not pursude it too, it had lyen in oblivion, and shadowed in doubt, but now I ha blaz'd it.

Herc. The world shal know what you are.

Zuc. True, Ile pockit vp no hornes, but my reuenge shall speake in thunder.

Herc. In deed I must confesse I know twenty are Cuckolds and decently & stately enough a worthy gallant spirit (whose vertue suppresseth his mishap) is lamēted but not disesteem'd by it: Yet the world shall know.

Zuc. I am none of those silent Coxcombs it shall not.

Herc. And although it be no great part of iniustice, for him to be struck with the scabbard that haz struck with the blade (for there is few of vs but hath made some one Cuckold or other)

Zuc. True I ha don't my selfe.

Herc. yet.

Zuc. Yet I hope a man of wit may preuent his owne mishap or if he can preuent it.

Herc. Yet.

Zuc. Yet make it knowne yet, and so knowne that the world may tremble with onely thinking of it, VVell *Fayne* whome shall I marie now, O heauen! that God made for a man no other meanes of procreation and maintaining the world peopled but by weomen, O that we could get one an other with child *Fawn*, or like flies procreate with blowing, or any other way then by a woman, by weomen who haue no reason in their loue, or mercy in their hate, no rule in their pittie, no pittie in their reuenge, no iudgemēt to speak, & yet no patiēce to hold their tongues; mā's opposit, the more held down; they swel, aboue thē naught but *will*, beneath thē naught but *hel*.

THE FAVVNE

Herc. Or that since heauen hath giuen vs no other meanes to allay our furious appetite, no other way of increasing our progenie, since we must intreat and beg for allwagement of our passions, and entertainment of our affections, why did not heauen make vs a nobler creature then weomē to shew vnto, some admirable, deitie of an vncorruptible beauty that be worth our knees, the expence of our heat, and the crinkling of our.

Zuc. But that we must court, sonnet, flatter, bribe, kneele, sue to so feeble and imperfect, in constant, idle, vaine, hollow, bubble, as woman is. O my face.

Herc. O my Lord looke who here comes.

Enter Zoya supported by a gentleman vsher followed by Herod and Nymphadora with much state, so ft musik playing.

Zuc. Death a man, is she deliuered? **Herc.** Deliuerd, yes. O my *Don.* deliuered, yes *Dona Zoya* the grace of society, the musik of sweetly agreeing perfectiō, more clearely chaste then ice or frozen raine, that glory of her sexe, that wonder of witte, that beauty more freshy then any coole and trembling wind, that now only wish of a man is deliuered, is deliuered. **Zuc.** how

Herc. Frō *Don. Zuc.* that dry skalines, that sarpego, that barren drouth and shame of all humanity.

Zoya. What fellowes that.

Nym. Don. Zuc. your sometime husband.

Enter Philocalia.

Zoy. alas poore creature.

Phil. The Princes prayes your company. *All but Hercules,*

Zoy. I waite vpon her pleasure. *Zuccone, Herod, and Nym. depart.*

Zuc. Gentlemen why hazard you your reputation in shamefull company with such a branded creature,

Herod. Miserable man whose fortune were beyond teares to be pittie^d, but that thou art the ridiculous author of thine owne laught at mischiefe.

Zuc. Without paraphrase your meaning.

Nym. VVhy thou womans foole?

Zuc. Good gentlemen let one die but once.

Herod. VVas not thou most curstfully madd to seuer thy selfe from such an vnequalde rarity.

Zuc. Is shee not a strumpet? Is shee not with Childe?

Nym.

THE FAVNE.

Nym. yes with feathers.

Herc. why weakenes of reason, couldst not perceiue all was faine to be rid of thee?

Zuc. Of me. *Nym.* she with child, vntroddē snow is not so spotted.

Herod. Chast as the first voice of a new borne infant,

Her. knowe shee grewe lothing of thy ielousie,

Nym. thy most pernicious curiosity,

Herc. whose suspicions made her vnimitable graces motiue of thy base ielousy. *Herod.* why beast of man?

Nym. wretched aboue expression that snoredst ouer a beautie which thousands desired, neglectst her bed, for whose enioying a very saint would haue sued.

Herc. defam'd her. *Herod.* suggested priuily against her.

Nym. gaue foule language publickly of her.

Herc. and now lastly don that for her which she onely praide for, and wisht as wholesome aire for, namely to be from such an vnworthy. *Herod.* senseles. *Nym.* inuiours.

Herc. malicious. *Herod.* suspitious.

Nym. mishaped. *Herc.* ill languidg'd *Herod.* vnworthy

Nym. ridiculous. *Herc.* ialous.

Herod. arch cox-combe as thou art. *Exeunt Nym. & Herod.*

Zuc. O I am sicke, my bloud ha's the crampe, my stomacke or'eturnes; O I am very sicke.

Herc. why my sweete *Don*, you are no cuckold.

Zuc. thats the griefe on't *Herc.* thats, the griefe ont that I ha wrongd so sweete (and now in my knowledg) so delicate a creature, O me thinkes I embrace her yet.

Herc. alas my Lord you haue donc her no wrong, no wrong in the world, you haue done her a pleasure, a great pleasure, a thousand gentlemen, nay dukes will be proude to accept your leauings, your leauings, now is she courted, this heire sendes her iewels, that lord proffers her ioynters, tother knight proclaimes challenges, to maintain her, the only nor beautifull, but very beautie of woemen. *Zuc.* but I shall neuer embrace her more.

Herc. nay that's true, that's most true (I would not afflict you, onely thinke how vnrelentles you were to her but supposed fault. *Zuc.* O tis true, too true. *Herc.* think how you scornd her teares, *Zuc.* most right, *Herc.* Teares that were only shed I would not vex you in very griefe to see you couet your owne shame.

Zuc.

Too

THE FAWNE.

Zuc. Too true, too true.

Herc. For in deed she is the sweetest modest soule, the fullest of pittie.

Zuc. OIOI.

Herc. The softnesse and verie courtesie of her sexe as one that neuer lou'd anie.

Zuc. But mee.

Herc. So much that he might hope to dishonour her, nor anie so little that he might feare she disclaim'd him. O the graces made her a fowle, as soft as spotles down vpon the swans faire brest that drue bright *Cythereas* chariot, yet thinke (I would not vex you) yet thinke how cruell you were to her.

Zuc. As a Tiger, as a verie Tiger. (reconcil'd, neuer

Herc. And neuer hope to be reconcil'd, neuer dreame to be

Zuc. Neuer, alas good *Faw*, what would'st wish me to do now?

Herc. Faith go hang your selfe my *Don*. that's best sure.

Zuc. Nay that's too good, for Ile doe worse then that, Ile marie againe; where can'st pick out a morsel for me *Fawn*?

Herc. There is a modest matron like creature.

Zuc. VVhat yeres *Faw*. *Herc.* Some fower score wanting one.

Zuc. A good sober age, is she wealthy?

Herc. Very wealthy.

Zuc. Excellent.

Herc. She haz three haire on her skalpe and fower teeth in her head, a browe wrinkled and puckerd like old parchment halfe burnt, she haz had eies, no womans Iaw bones are more apparant, her sometimes enuious lips, now shrink in, and giue her nose and her chin leaue to kisse each other, verie moistly as for her reuered mouth it seldoe opens, but the very breath that flies out of it infects the fowls of the aire, & makes the drop down deade, her brests hange like cobwebs, her flesh wil neuer make you cuckold, her boes may.

Zuc. But is she welthy

Herc. Very wealthie. *Zuc.* And wil she ha me, art sure?

Herc. No sure, she wil not haue you, why do you think that a waiting womā of three bastards, a strūpet nine times carted or a hag whose eies shoot poison, that haz been an olde witch & is now turning into a gib-cat, that, wil ha you marie *Don Zec*, the contempt of women & the shame of men, that haz afflicted, contē'd, so choise a perfection as *Dona Zoyas*.

Zuc. A las *Fawne* I confesse what would'st ha me doe.

Herc. Hang your selfe, you shal not, marie you cannot, ile tel yee what you shal do, there is a ship of fooles setting forth if you see good meanes & intreat hard, you maie obtaine a pas-

sage

THE FAWNE

sage man be maisters mate I warrant you.

Zuc Fawne, thou art a skurvie bitter knaue, and dost flowte
Dons to their faces, twas thou flatteredst me to this, and now
 thou laughtst at me, dost? though indeede, I had a certaine pro-
 cliuity, but thou madest mee resolute, dost grin and gearne,
 O you comforters of life, helpes in sicknesse, ioyes in death, &
 preseruers of vs, in our children, after death, womē haue mer-
 cy on me,

Here. O my *Dow*, that God made no other meanes, of procre-
 ation but by these women, I speake it not to vexe you.

Zuc. O *Fawne*, thou hast no mercy in thee, dost thou leere
 on me, wel, ile creepe vpon my knees to my wife, dost laugh
 at me? dost gearne at me? dost smile? dost leere on me, dost thou?
 O I am an Assle true, I am a Coxcombe, wel, I am mad, good:
 A mischief on your cogging tongue, your soothing throate,
 your oyelic iawes, your supple thumbes, your dissembling
 smiles, and O the graund Deuill on you all: when mischief fa-
 uours our fortunes, and we are miserable, tho iustly wretched,
 More pittie, comfort, and more helpe we haue,
 In foes profest, then in a flattering knaue. *Exit.*

Her. Thus few strike sayle vntill they run on shelfe,
 The eye sees all thinges but his proper selfe,
 In all thinges curiosity hath beene,
 Vitious at least, but herein most pernicious,
 What madnes ist to search and find a wound,
 For which there is no cure, and which vnfound
 Neerer rankles, whose finding onely woundes,
 But he that vpon vaine surmise forsakes
 His bed thus long, onely to search his shame,
 Giues to his wife, youth, opportunitie,
 Keepes her in idle full delitiousnesse,
 Heates and inflames imagination,
 Prouokes her to reuenge with churlish wronges,
 What should he hope but this, why should it lie in women,
 Or euen in chastitie it selfe, since chastities a female,
 T'auoide desires so ripened, such sweetes so canded:
 But she that hath not borne such masse of wronges,
 Out-dur'de all persecutions, all contempts,
 Suspects, disgrace, all wants, and all the mischief,
 The basenes of, cankerd churle could cast vpon her,

H

With

THE FAWNE.

With constant vertue, best fainde chastitie,
And in the end turnes all his iealousies,
To his owne skorne, that Lady I emlore,
It may be lawfull not to praise, but euen adore.

Enter Gonzago, Granuffo, with full state. Enter the Cornets sounding.

Gon. Are our sportes readie, is the Prince at hand?

Herc. The Prince is now arriue at the Court gate.

Gon. What meanes our daughters breathles halt.

Enter Dulcimet in hast.

Dul. O my princely father now or neuer let your princely
wisedome appeare.

Gon. Feare not our daughter, if it rest within humaine reason
I warrant thee, no I warrant thee, *Granuffo* if it rest in
mans capacity, speake deare daughter.

Dul. My Lord the Prince.

Gon. The Prince, what of him deare daughter?

Dul. O Lord what wisedome our good parents neede, to
shield their chickens from deceipts, & wiles of kite like youth.

Gon. Her very phrasedisplayes whose childe she is.

Dul. Alas had not your grace beene prouident, a very *Nestor*
in aduise and knowledge, hah, where had you poore *Dulci-*
met beene now, what vaines had not I beene drawne in-
to?

Gon. Fore God, shee speakes very passionately. Alas daugh-
ter, heauē giues every man his talent, indeed vertue & wisedom
are not fortunes gittes, therefore those that fortune cannot
make vertuous, shee commonly makes rich, for our owne
part wee acknowledge heauens goodnes, and if it were pos-
sible, to bee as wise againe as wee are, wee would neare im-
pute it to our selues: for as wee bee flesh and bloud, alas we
are fooles, but as wee are Princes, Schollars, and haue reade
Cicero de Oratore, I must confesse there is another matter int,
what of the Prince deere daughter?

Dul. Father doe you see that tree, that leanes iust on my
chamber window?

Gon. What of that tree?

Enter Tiberio with his traine.

Dul. O sir, but note the policie of youth, marke but the
stratagems of working loue, The prince salutes me, and thus
greetes my care.

Gon.

THE FAWNE

Gon. Speake softly, he is entred.

Dul. Although he knew, I yet stood wauering, what to elect, because though I affected, yet destitute of meanest to inioy each other, impossibilitie of hauing, might kill our hope and which our hope desires to inioy. Therefore to auoid all faint excuses, and vaine feares, thus he deuised to *Dulcimals* chamber window. A well growne plantaine spreads his happie armes, by that in depth of night one may ascend, (dispiight all fathers iealousies and feares) into her bed.

Gon. Speake low, the Prince both markes and listens.

Dul. You shall prouide a Priest (quoth hee) in truth I promist & so you well may tell him, for I temporized and onelie held him off.

Gon. Politikely, our daughter to a haire.

Dul. With full intention to disclose it all, to your preuenting wisdome.

Gon. I let me alone for that: but when intends he this inuasion? when will this Squirrile clime?

Dul. O Sir in that is al, when but this night?

Gon. This night?

Dul. This very night when the court reuels had o're wakt your spirites, and made them full of sleepe, then--

Gon. Then *verbum sat sapienti*: goe take your chamber, downe vpon your knees, thank god your father is no foolish sotte but one that can foresee and see.

Exi Dulcimet.

my Lord wee discharge your presence from our Court.

Tib. What means the Duke?

Gon. And if to morrow past you rest in *Vrbis*, the priuiledge of an ambassadour is taken from you.

Tib. Good your grace some reason?

Gon. What, twise admonisht twise again offēding?
And now growne blushles; you promis'd to gette into
Her chamber, she to get a priest,
Indeed she wisht me tell you she cōfess'd it,
And there despiight all fathers Iealous feares,
To consumate full ioyes: know Sir our daughter
Is our Daughter, and has wit at will
To gull a thousand easie things like you:

H 2

But

But Sir depart, the Parliament prepar'd
Shal on without you, all the Court this night
Shal triumph that our Daughter has escapt
Her blowing vppes; your end you see,
Wee speake but short but full *Socratice*.

Exit.

Remaineth Hercules and Tiberio.

Tib. What should I thinke, what hope, what but imagin of
these engines?

Herc. Sure sir the Ladie loues you
With violent passion, and this night prepares
A preist with nuptiall rightes to entertaine you
In her most priuat chamber.

Tib. This I knowe
With too much torture, since meanes are all vnknownen
To come vnto these ends wheres, this her chamber?
Then what means shall without suspicion
Conuey me to her chamber? O these doubtles;
end in despaire--

Enter Gonzago hastelie.

Gon. Sir sir this Plantine was not planted here
To get into my Daughters chamber; and so shee praid mee tell
What though the maine armes spread into her window? (you
And easie labor climes it: Sir know
She has a voice to speake, and bid you welcome;
With so full breast that both your eares shall heare ant,
And so shee praid me tell you. Ha wee no braine?
Youth thinkes that age: Age konwes that youth is vaine,

Tib. Why now I haue it *Fawne*, the way, the meanes, & mea-
ning, good Duke and t'were not for pittie I could laugh at
thee, *Dulcimet* I come, thine most miraculosly, I will now be-
gin to sigh, read Poets, looke pale, goe neatlie, and be most ap-
parantlie in loue; as for--

Herc. As for you old father.

Tib. Alas he and all know, this an old sawe hath bin;
Faiths-breach for loue and kingdoms is no sin.

Exit.

Herc. Where are we now *Cyllenian Mercurie*?
And thou quick messenger of Loues broken pate
Aide and direct vs: you better Stars to knowledge
Sweete constellations, that effect pure oyle,
And holie vigill of the pale-checkt Muses,

gone

Giue your best influence, that with able spright,
We may correct, and please, giuing full light,
To euery angle of this various fence,
Workes of strong birth, end better then commence.

Exit.

Finis Actus quarti.

ACTVS QVINTVS.

Whilest the Act is a playing, Hercules and Tiberio enters, Tiberio climbs the tree, and is receiued aboue by Dulcimet, Philocalia and a Priest: Hercules stayes beneath.

Her. Thou mother of chaste dew nightes modest lampe,
Thou by whose faint shine the blushing louers,
Ioyne glowing cheekes, and mixe their trembling lippes,
In vowes well kiste, rise all as full of splendor,
As my breast is of ioy- You genitall,
You fruitefull well mixte heates, O blesse the sheetes
Of yonder chamber, that *Ferraraes* Dukedome,
The race of princely issue be not curse,
And ended in abhorred barrennes..
At length kill all my feares, nor let it rest,
Once more my tremblinges, that my too cold sonne,
(That euer scorner of humane loues,)
Will still contemne the sweetes of marriage,
Still till our hope of name in his dull coldnesse,
Let it be lawfull to make vse yee sowers
Of humane weakenes, that pursueth still,
What is inhibited, and most affects,
What is most difficult to bee obtain'de,
So we may learne, that niter loue's a shade:
It follow's fled, pursude flies as afraide,
And in the end close all the various errors,
Of passages most truely comicall:
In morall learning with like confidence,
Of him that vowde good fortune of the sceane,
Shall neyther make him fat, or bad make leane.

*Enter Dondola laughing.**Dondol.* Ha, ha, ha.*Here.* Why dost laugh foole, heres nobody with thee?

H 3

Don. Why

THE FAWNE

Don. Why, therefore doe I laugh, because theres no body with me, would I were a foole alone, I faith I am come to attend let me goe, I am sent to the Princes, to come & attend her father to the end of *Cupids* Parliament.

Her. Why, ha they sat already vpon any statutes.

Don. Sat I, all's agreede in the nether house;

Herc. Why, are they diuided?

Don. O I in *Cupids* Parliament, all the young gallantes are a the nether house, and all the olde signiors that can but onely kisse are of the vpper house: is the Princes aboue?

Herc. Noe sure, I thinke the Princes is beneath, man, ha they sutt foole?

Don. Oyes, the confusion of tongues, at the large Table is broke vppe, for see the presence filles; A foole, a foole, a foole my Coxcombe for a foole.

Enter Sir Amaros, Herod Nymphadon, Garbetza, Donella and Poucia.

Herod. Stoppe Asse, whats matter idiot?

Don. O gallants, my fooles that were appointed to waight on *Don Cupid.* haue launcht out their ship to purge their stomackes on the water, and before *Iupiter* I feare, they will proue defectiue in their attendance.

Herod. Pish, foole, theyle float in with the next tide.

Don. I, but whens, that lets see mine Almanacke or prognostication.

Sir Am. What, is this for this yeare?

Don. In true wisedome sir it is, Let mee see the moone, fore pittytis in the wayne, what griefe is this that so greata planet should euer decline or loose splendore -- ful sea at-

S. Am. Wheres the signe now foole?

Don. In Capricorne, *Sir Amorofo.*

Gar. What strange thing dos this Almanack speake of foole?

Don. Is this your lady *Sir Amaroant?*

S. Am. It is, kisse her foole.

Herod. You may kisse her now, she is married.

S. Am. So he might ha done before,

Don. In sober modesty Sir, I doe not vse to doe it behind.

Herod. Good foole be acquainted with this lady to, shee's of a very honest nature I assure thee.

Don. I easily beleeeue you sir, for she hath a very good face, I assure yee.

But

THE FAWN

Gar. But what strange things dost thy Almanacke speake of good foole? *Don.* That this yeare no childe shall be begotten, but shall haue a true Father.

Sir Am. Thats good newes ifaith, I am glad I got my wife with child this yeare,

Herc. Why *Sir Amaros* this may be, and yet you not the true father, may it not *Herod*?

Gar. But what more sayes it good *Fawne*?

Herc. Faith Lady very strange things, it sayes, that some Ladies of your hayre, shall haue feeble hams, short memories and very weake eye sight, so that they shall mistake their owne Page, or euen brother in law, sometimes for their husbandes.

S. Am. Is that all *Fawne*? *Her.* No sir *Amaros*, heeres likewise prophesied a great skarfitie of Gentry to ensue, and that some Bores shall be dubbed *Sir Amorofo*. A great skarfitie of Lawyers is likewise this yeare to ensue, so that some one of them shall be entreated to take fees a both sides.

Enter Don Zuccone following Dona Zoia on his knees.

Zuc. Most deere, deere Lady, wife, Lady, wife, O do not but looke on me, and haue some mercy.

Zoya. I will haue no mercie, I wil not relent.

Zuc. Sweete Ladie.

Zoya. The order shall stand, I am separated, and I wil be separated. *Zuc.* Deere, my loue, wife.

Zoya. Hence fellow, I am none of thy wife, noe I will be tyrannous and a most deepe reuenger, the order shall stand, I will marry a fellow that keepe a fox in his bosom, a goat vnder his arme holes, and a polecat in his mouth, rather then re-accept thee.

Zuc. Alas, by the Lord Ladie what should I say, as heauen shall blesse me-- what should I say?

Herod. Kneele and crie man.

Zoya. Was I not handsom, generous, honest enough from my foote to my feather, for such a fellow as thou art?

Zuc. Alas I confesse I confesse.

Zoya. But goe thy waies & wive with whome thou wilt for my part, thou hast spun a fair thread, whole kisse thee now? whole court thee now? whole haue thee now?

Zuc. Yet be a woman-- and for Gods sake helpe mee.

Herod.

THE FAWNE.

Herod. And do not stand too stiffly.

Zuc. And doe not stand too stiffly, do you make an Ass of me, but let these raskals laugh at me, Alas what could I doe withall, t'was my destiny that I should abuse you.

Zoya. So it is your destiny, that I should thus reuenge your abuse: No the Irishman shall eat Aquauite, the Welchman cheese, & the Dutchmā salt buter befor ile loue or receiue thee, dos he crie? dos the babe pule, t's to late now, thou shouldst ha cride before, t's to late now, go burie thy head in silence, & let obliuion be thy vtmost hope.

The Courtiers addresse themselves to dauncing, whilst the Duke enters with Granisso, and takes his state.

Her. Gallants to dancing, loud musick, the dukes vpō entrāce.

Gon. Are the sports ready. *Her.* Ready.

Gon. T'is enough, of whose inuention is this parliament.

Her. Ours.

Gonz. T'is enough this night we will exult, O let this night
Be euer memorized with prowder triumphes,
Let it be writ in lasting Character,
That this night our great wisdome did discouer
So close a practise, that this night I say,
Our policy found out, nay dasht the driftes
Of the young Prince, and put him to his shifts,
Nay past his shifts, fore *Ioue* wee could make a good Poet.
Delight vs on we, dare our princely care
We are well pleasde to grace him, then skorne feare.

Cornets playing. Drunkennes, Sloth, Pride, & Plenty leade
Cupid to his state, who is followed by Folly, Warre, Beggary,
and Slaughter.

Stand t'is wisdome to acknowledge ignorance,
Of what we know not, we would not now proue foolish.
Expound the meaning of your shew.

Her. Triumphant *Cupid* that sleepest on the soft cheeke,
Or rarest beautie, whose thron's n Ladies eyes,
Whose force writh'd lightning from *Ioues* shaking hand,
Forc'd strong *Alcides* to resigne his club,
Pluckt *Neptunes* trident from his mighty arme,
Vnhelmed *Mars*, he (with these trophes borne,
Led in by *Sloth*, *Pride*, *Plenty* *Drunkennes*.

THE FAWNE.

Followde by *Folly, Warre, Laughter, Beggary,*
Takes his faire throne, sit please for now we moue,
And speake not for our glorie, but for loue.

Hercules takes a bowle of wine.

Gonz. A pretty figure, what, begins this sessiō with ceremony?

Her. With a full health to our great Miltresse *Venus*,
Let euery state of *Cupids* parliament,
Begin the session, *Et quod bonum faustumque sit precor.*

Hercules
drinks a
health.

Gon. Giu't vs, weele pledge, nor shall a man that liues,
Incharity refuse it, I will not be so old,
As not be grac't to honour *Cupid*, giu't vs full,
When we were young, we could ha trol'd it off.
Drunke down a Dutchman.

Her. T'is lamentable, pittie your grace has forgot it : Drunkenness, O'tis a most fluent and swelling vertue, sure the most iust of all vertues, t'is iustice it selfe, for if it chance to oppresse and take too much, it presently restores it againe. It makes the king and the peasant equall, for if they are both drunke alike, they are both beastes alike: As for that most precious light of heauen Truth, if time bee the father of her, I am sure drunkenness is oftentimes the mother of her, and brings her forth, Drunkenness brings all out, for it brings all the drinke out of the pot, all the witte out of the pate, and all the money out of the purse.

Gon. My Lord *Granssfo*, this *Fawne* is an excellent fellow.

Don. Silence.

Gon. I warrant you for my Lord here.

Cupid Since multitude of lawes are signes either of much tirannie in the prince, or much rebellious disobedience in the subiect, we rather thinke it fit to study, how to haue our old lawes thorowly executed, then to haue new statutes comborously inuented.

Gon. Afore loue he speakes very well.

Her. O sir, loue is very eloquent, makes all men good Orators, himselfe then must needes be eloquent.

Cup. Let it therefore be the maine of our assembly, to sur-
naye our old lawes, and punish their transgressions, for that cō-
tinually the cōplaints of louers ascend vp to our deity, that loue
is abuse, and basely bought and solde, beautie corrupted,
I affect.

THE FAWNE.

affection fainde, and pleasure her selfe sophisticated.

That young Gallants are proud in appetite, and weake in performance, that young Ladies are phantastically inconstāt, old Ladies impudently vnſatiate: • wiues complaine of vnmarried women, that they steale the dewes belonging to their sheetes: and maides make exclaime vppon wiues, that they vniustly ingrosse all into their owne handes, as not content with their owne husbandes, but also purloyning that which shoulde bee their comfort: Let vs therefore be seuerē in our iustice: And if any of what degree soeuer haue approuedly offended, let him be instantly vnpartially arrested and punished, reade our statutes.

Her. A statute made in the fīue thousand fowre hundred, threescore and three yeare of the casefull raigne of the mighty potent *Don Cupid* Emperour of sighes, and protestations, great King of kisses, Arch-duke of dalliance, and sole lou'de of *Her* for the maintaining and releeuing of his olde souldiers, maimed, or dismembred in loue.

Don. Those that are lightly hurt, shame to complaine: those that are deeply struckē, are past recovery.

Cupid. On to the next.

Herc. An Act against the plurality of Mistresses.

Cup. Reade.

Herc. Whereas some ouer amorous and vnconscionable couetous young gallants without all grace of *Venus*, or the feare of *Cupid* in their mindes, haue at one time ingrossed the care or cures of diuers mistresses, with the charge of Ladies, into their owne tenure or occupation, whereby their mistresses must of necessitie bee very ill and vnſufficiently serued, and likewise many able portly Gallants, liue vnſurnished of competent entertainmēt to the merit of their bodies: and wheras likewise some other greedy strangers haue taken in the purlues, outset land, and the auncient commons of our soueraigne Liege *Don Cupid*, taking in his very high waies, and inclosing thē, and annexing them to their owne Lordships, to the much empouerishing and putting of diuers of *Cupids* true harts and loiall subiectes, to base and abhominable shifts: Bee it therefore enacted by the soueraigne authority and erected ensigne of *Don Cupid*, with the assent of some of the Lordes, most of the Ladies

THE FAWNE.

Ladies, and all the Commons, that what person or persons for ever shall in the trade of honor, presume to weare at one time two ladies favours, or at one time, shall earnestly court two women in the way of marriage, or if any vnder the degree of a Duke, shall keepe aboue twentie women of pleasure, a Dukes brother fiftene, a Lord ten, a knight or a Pentioner, or both fower, a gentlemā two, shall *ipso facto*, be arrested by folli-
lies mace, and instantly committed to the ship of fooles, without eyther baile or main-prize, *Millesimo centesimo, quingentesimo quadragesimo nono. Cupidinis semper unus. Nymphodoro* to the barre.

Nym. Shame a folly, wil *Fawne* now turn an informer? dos he laugh at me? *Her. Domina Garbetza*, did hee not euer protest, you were his most onely elected Mistres. *Gar.* He did.

Her. Domina Donella, did hee not euer protest you were his most onely elected Mistresse? *Don.* He did.

Herc. Domina Poucia, did hee not euer protest, that you were his most onely elected Mistresse.

Pou. He did. *Nym.* Mercy.

Cup. Our mercy is nothing, vnlesse some Lady will beg thee.

Ladies. Out vpon him, dissembling perfidious lyer.

Her. Indeed tis no reason Ladies should beg liers.

Nym. Thus he that loueth many if once knowne,
Is iustly plagued to be beleeu'de of none. *Exit.*

Herc. An act against counterfeiting of *Cupids* royall coine, & abusing his subiectes with false money. To the barre Sir *Amaros*.

In most lamentable forme complaineth to your blinde celsitude, your distressed Orators, the women of the world, that in respect that many spend thriftes, who hauing exhausted and wasted their substance, and in stranger partes haue with emptie shoves, treasonably purchased Ladies affections, without being of ability to pay them for it with currāt money, and therefore haue deceitfully sought to satisfie the with counterfeite mettell, to the great displeasure, and no smal losse of your humblest subiectes. May it therefore with your pittifull assent beenacted, that what Lord, Knight, or gentlemā soeuer, knowing himselfe insufficient, bankerout, exhausted and wasted, shal trayterously dare to entertaine any lady, as wife, or mistresse, *ipso facto* to be seuered from all commerce-

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ment with women, his wife or mistresse in that state offending, to be forgiuen with a pardon of course, and himselfe instantly to be pressed to saile in the ship of fooles, without either baile or main-prise. *Herc.* Sir *Amarous* is arrested.

Don. Amar. Sir iudgement of the countrie. *Her.* I take my oath vpon thy brothers body, tis none of thine.

Amar. By the hart of dissemblance, this *Fawne* has wrought with vs as strange Taylors work in corporate cities, where they are not free all inward, inward, he lurkt in the bosome of vs, & yet wee know not his profession: Sir let me haue counsell?

Her. T'is in great case, you may haue no counsell.

Don. Amar. Sir death a iustice, are we in Normandy, what is my Ladies doome then?

Cup. Acquited by the right penaltie of the statute, hence and in thy ignorance be quietly happie, away with him. on.

Her. An Act against forgers of loue letters, false braggarts of ladies fauours, and vaine boasters of counterfeited tokens.

Herod. Tis I, tis I, I confesse guiltie, guilty. *Herc.* I will bee most humane and right courteously languaged in thy correction, and onely say, thy vice apparant here has made thee an apparant beggar, and now of a false knaue, hath made thee a true foole: Folly to the shipp with him, and twice a day let him be duckt at the mayne-yeard. *Cup.* Proceede.

Herc. An Act against slanderers of *Cupids* liege ladies names, and lewde defamers of their honors.

Zucc. Tis I, tis I, I weepe and crie out, I haue been a most contemptelious offender, my onely crie is *miserere*.

Cup. If your relenting Lady wil haue pittie on you, the fault against our Deity be pardoned.

Zuc. Madam if euer I haue found fauour in your eyes, if euer you haue thought me a reasonable handsome fellow, as I am sure before I had a beard, you might. O be mercifull!

Zoya. Well, vpon your apparant repentance, that all modest spectators may witnes, I haue for a short time onely thus fawnedly hated you, that you might euer after truely loue me, vpon these cautions I reaccept you: first you shall vow: *Zuc.* I doe vow, as heauen blese me, I will doe. *Zo.* What?

Zuc. What ere it be, say on I beseech you. *Zo.* You shall vow.

Zuc. Yes.

Zo. That you shall neuer.

Zu. Neuer

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Zuc. Neuer. **Zoya.** Faine loue to my waiting woman
or chamber maide. **Zuc.** No

Zoya. Neuer promise them such a farme to their mariadge.

Zu. No. **Zoya.** If sheele discouer but whom I affect.

Zuc. Neuer. **Zoya.** Or if they know none that theil
but take a false oath; I do, onely to be ridde of mee.

Zuc. I sweare I wil not, I will not onelie not counterfetlie
loue your women, but I will truelie hate them an't be possible,
so far from maintaining them that I will begger them, I wil ne-
uer picke their trunks for letters, search their pockets, ruffle
their bosoms, or tear their foule smocks. neuer, neuer.

Zoya. That if I chance to haue a humor to be in a maske, you
shall not grow Iealous. **Zuc.** Neuer.

Zoya. Or grudge at the expence.

Zuc. Neuer, I wil eate mine own armes first.

Zoy. That you shall not, search if my chamber dore hinges
be ayld to auoid creaking.

Zuc. As I am a sensible creature--

Zoy. Nor euer suspect the reason why my bedde-chamber
floore is double matted.

Zuc. Not as I haue bloud in mee.

Zoya. You shall vowe to weare cleane lining, and feede
wholsomelic.

Zuc. I and highly, I will take no more Tobacco, or come to
your sheetes drunke, or get wenches, I wil euer feed on fried
frogs, wild snayles, and boilde Lamstones, I will adore thee
more then a mortall, obserue and serue you as more then a Mi-
stresse, doe all duties of a husband, all offices of a man, all ser-
uices of thy creature, and euer liue in thy pleasure, or die in thy
seruice.

Zo. Then here my quarrell endes, thus cease all strife.

Zuc. Vntil they loose, men know not whats a vvife,
We sleight and dully viewv the lampe of heauen,
Because vve daylie seet, vvhich but bereaued,
And held one little vveeke from darkened eyes,
With greedy vvonder, vve should all admire,
And! provvde hayht of command, puts out lous fire.

Herc. An Act against mummers, false seemers, that abuse la-
dies with counterfeit faces, courting only by signes; & seeming

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wife onely by silence.

Cup. The penalty.

Herc. To be vrged to speake, & then if inward ability answer not outward seeming, to be committed instantly to the ship of fooles during great *Cupids* pleasure. My Lord *Granuffo* to the barre, speake, speake, is not this law iust?

Gra. Iust sure, for in good truth, or in good sooth, whē wise men speake, they still must open their mouth.

Herc. The brazen head has spoken.

Don. Thou art arrested.

Gra. Me?

Herc. And iudg'd away.

Exit Granuffo.

Gon. Thus silence, can enuie lookes with hums and hawes, Makes many worshipped, when if tried were dawes:

Thats the mortality or lenuoy of it lenuoy of it, on.

Herc. An act against priuie conspiracies, by which if any with ambitious wisdom, shall hope and strue to outstrippe loue to crosse his wordes, and make frustrate his sweete pleasures, if such a presumptuous wisdom fall to nothing, & die in laughter, the wizard so transgressing is *ipso facto* adjudged to offend in most deepe treason, to forfeite all his witt at the will of the Lord, and be instantly committed to the shippe of fooles for euer.

Gon. I marrie sir, O might *Edipus* riddle me out such a fellow, of all creatures breathing I doe hate those thinges that strugle to seeme wise, and yet are indeed very fooles, I remember when I was a young man in my fathers dayes, there were fower gallant spirites for resolution, as proper for body, as witty in discourse as any were in Europe, nay Europe had not such, I was one of them; wee fowre did all loue one lady, a modest chaste virgin shee was, wee all inioyde her, I well remember, and so inioyde her, that despight the strictest guard was set vpon her, wee had her at our pleasure, I speake it for her honour and my credite: where shall you finde such witty fellowes now a daies: Alas how easie it is in these weaker times to crosse loue trickes, ha ha ha alas, alas, I smile to think I must cōfesse with some glory to mine own wisdom, to thinke how I found out and crossed, and curbd, and ierkt, and firkte, and in the end made desperate *Tiberios* hope, Alas good lillie youth, that dares to cope with age, and such a beard: I speake it without glory.

Herc. But what yet might your well known wisdom thinke

If such a one as being most seuerer,
 A most protested opposite to the match
 Of two yong louers, who hauing bar'd their speech,
 All interueues all messages all meanes
 To plot their wished ends, euen he himselve
 Was by their cunning made the go betweene.
 The onely messenger the token-carrier
 Tould them the times when they might fitly meete,
 Nay, shew'd the way to one anothers bedde.

Gon. May one haue the sight of such a fellow for nothing;
 Doth their breath such an egregious Assle,
 Is there such a foolish animal in *rerum natura*?
 How is it possible such a simplicitie can exist? let vs not lose
 our laughing at him for gods sake, let follies scepter light vpō
 him, and to the shippe of fooles with him instantly.

Don. Of all these follies I arest your grace.

Gon. Mee? ha, mee? me verlet? me foole? ha. toot'h Iayle
 with him: what varlet call me Assle, me?

Herc. What graue Vrbins Duke, dares Follies scepter touch
 his prudent shoulders, is he a Coxcombe, no, My Lord is wise,
 for wee all know that Vrbines Duke has eyes.

Gon. God a mercy *Fawne*, hold fast varlet, hold thee good
Fawne, rayling reprobate.

Herc. Indeed I must confesse, your grace did tell,
 And first did intimate your daughters loue,
 To otherwise most cold *Tiberio*,
 After conuaide her priuate fauour to him,
 A curious skarfe, wherein her needle wrought
 Her priuate fauour to him.

Gon. What I do this? ha.

Herc. And last, by her perswasion shewde the youth,
 The very way and best elected time,
 To come vnto her chamber.

Gon. Thus did I sir?

Herc. This did you sir, but I must confesse,
 You ment not to doe this, but were rankelie gulde,
 Made a plaine naturall. This sure sir you did,
 And in assurance Prince *Tiberio*,
 Renowmed, witted, *Dulcimet* appeared.

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The acts of constant honor cannot feare.

Here. exit

Tiberio and Dulcimel alone are discovered, hand in hand.

Dul. Royally wise, and wisely royall father.

Don. Thats sententious now, art thou in.

Dul. I humbly thanke your worthy piety, that through your only means I haue obtained so fit, loving & desired a husband.

Gon. Death, a discretio, if I should proue a foole now am not I an Asse, thinke you, ha? I will haue them both bound together, and sent to the Duke of Ferrara presently.

Tib. I am sure good Father wee are both bound together as fast as the Priest can make vs already, I thanke you for it kind father, I thanke you onely for't.

Her. And as for sending them to the Duke of Ferrara, See my good Lord, Ferraræ is our ioid prince, meetes thē in fullest wish.

Gon. By the Lord I am ashamde of my selfe, that's the plain troth, but I know now wherefore this was: what a slumber haue I beene in?

Here. Neuer griue or wonder, all things sweetely still.

Gon. There is no folly to protested will.

Here. What still in wondring, ignorance doth rest,
In priuate conference, your deare lou'd brest,
Shall fully take. But now we change our face,

Epilogus.

And thus in bolde, yet modest phrase we end,
He whose Thalia with swiftest hand hath pend,
This lighter subiect, and hath boldly to me,
Fresh bayes from *Daphnes* arme, doth onely scorne,
Malitious censures of some enuious few,
Who thinke they loose if others haue their due.
But let such Addars hiss, know all the sting,
All the vaine some of all those snakes that ringes
Minerva's glassefull shield can neuer taint,
Poyson or pierce, firme art disdaines to faint,
But yet of you, that with impartiall faces,
With no prepared malice, but with graces,
Of sober knowledge, haue suruaid the frame,
Of his sleight scene, if you shall iudge his blame,
Distemperately, weake, as faulty much,
In stile, in plot, in spirit, loe if such
He daies in selfe accusing phrase to craue,
For prayse but pardon which he hopes to haue,
Since he protests he euer hath aspired,
To be beloude, rather then admird.

FINIS.

*Hercules en-
rs in his
one shape.*

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Marston, J.